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MY PICTURES.

H. K. PHILLIPS.

Drawn on no earthly canvas,
By no mortal pencil limn'd,
No'er glorified by an age's pride,
By no poet's pæan hymn'd:
By the quiet hush of the winter's hearth,
Or the breathless nights of June,
Are my pictures seen by the dreamlight's sheen,
Or framed by the silvery moon.

They rise around me, one by one,
The lost, the changed, the dead;
I see the smile I knew ere while
On the sweet lips deep red;
The soft dark eyes flash love for me,
The soft curls gleam and wave,
Till I half forget how my life sun set
'Neath the yews by a lonely grave.

I see white robes and blushing flowers,
And two close side by side;
Nor think how deep is the bridegroom's sleep,
As I watch him clasp his bride.
I look in the gentle mother's face,
Till her blessing is breathed again;
While the father's eyes, strong, true and wise,
Call counsel and calm to pain.

I seem to smooth the golden curls
Toss'd back from the child's pure brow,
And prize them as then, though the whirl of
Has smirch'd their glitter now.

The first friend's form moves joyously
Out through the dusky air,
In its frank, fresh truth, as when hope and
youth
Set a royal signet there.

Naught fades my portraits' living lines,
No flecks or sun-stains fall;
No time corrodes, no thick dust loads
Their beauty with its pall.
Painted by memory and love
For my waiting life and me,
My pictures will shine till in light divine
Their deathless types I see.

CAST UP BY THE SEA!

By MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "East Lynne," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS.

Colonel Moncton, an American officer, in the course of his travels in England, finds himself at a village called Danesheld, in a wild part of the coast, over one hundred and fifty miles distant from London. In the vicinity of the Castle he meets the Dane family—Lord and Lady Dane, Captain Dane, their son; and Lady Adelaide Errol. He introduces himself, is cordially welcomed by Captain Dane, whom he had formerly known when in America, and after some conversation Colonel Moncton takes him on board his yacht, which had brought him here.

Meanwhile Ravensbird, Captain Dane's servant, in a conversation with Lady Adelaide's French maid, Sophie, learns that while Lady Adelaide has been openly encouraging and receiving the attentions of Captain Dane, and all but engaged to him, she is secretly attached to Herbert Dane, his cousin, and meets him every night at the ruins of an old chapel close by. He is indignant at her treachery to his master, and at first incredulous; but Sophie tells him, if he will not believe her, to go that night to the ruins, and see for himself.

He does, and, himself unseen, witnesses the meeting of the lovers in the ruined chapel on the height overlooking the sea, and heard Lady Adelaide say she wished that Captain Dane was in that sea.

Ravensbird, being now convinced of Lady Adelaide's treachery, the next morning asks for a private interview with Capt. Dane, his master, which ends in a violent quarrel between them, and in Ravensbird being kicked down the stairs and dismissed from the castle. He leaves, uttering the most violent threats against Captain Dane on account of the insult given him.

That same night, Lady Adelaide, who has been out wandering by moonlight, comes rushing back, shrieking and in violent hysterics—declares she has been to the ruined chapel, and, though she saw nothing, got frightened, and thinking a ghost was after her, ran home shrieking.

About the same time, Mitchel, the preventive man, was on the same spot, in pursuance of his duty. To his horror, he sees by the bright moonlight, two men struggling on the edge of the cliff, one fall over, and then awful shrieks. On going up to the fallen man he recognizes to his horror the body of Captain Dane. Dazed and bewildered, he rushes off for aid to the coast guard station, where he had no sooner arrived than he gets a fit before he can tell what he has seen. The consequence is, before he recovers and can tell, and the men go to find the body, the tide has come up, and covered the spot where the body was lying. No trace of it, of course, can be found. They then go in a body, taking with them Herbert Dane, whom they pick up *en route*, to the castle, and break the sad news to Lord and Lady Dane. Lord Dane is at first incredulous, but, on making thorough inquiries and investigations, gives orders to apprehend Ravensbird and bring him before him the following morning.

CHAPTER IV.

LADY ADELAIDE'S OATH.

Just before entering Danesheld, standing in a somewhat obscure spot, though near to the fishermen's huts, was a small inn or public house, called the "Sailor's Rest." It was kept by a man of the name of Hawthorne, who had once been gamekeeper to the Dane family. It was a well conducted inn, of rather a better class than a common public house, professed to afford good bed and board, and had its share of custom. Among those fond of frequenting its bar and parlor were the men servants from the castle; and it was to this place that Ravensbird proceeded when turned out by his master, intending to take up at it his temporary sojourn.

On the morning afterwards, the landlord was in the bar alone, or, at any rate, he thought he was alone. He was busy polishing his taps, and setting things straight, according to his custom before breakfast, when one of the preventive men, on his way down to the beach, came up the passage and entered.

"Half a gill of rum, landlord; the morning air's chilly."

"'Twas a bit of frost I fancy, last night," responded the landlord, as he handed him what was called for; "but it'll be a fine day."

"I hope it will, for the work that's got to be done. They'll be dragging for the body in shore, and all Danesheld, I suppose, will turn out to see."

"Dragging for what body?" returned the landlord. "Has anybody been lost?"

The man was in the act of putting the glass of rum to his lips. He drew it back in astonishment, and gazed at the landlord.

"Why, you don't mean to say you have never heard!"

"What is there to hear?"

"Of the calamity that has overtook the castle. Captain Dane's murdered."

"Captain Dane murdered!" echoed the landlord, doubting whether his ears were not playing him false.

"He was murdered last night. It's an odd thing you didn't hear of it—though perhaps you were shut up when the folks came back from the castle. Mitchel was on his beat, and saw a scuffle on the heights between two men, not knowing then who they were, and one pitched the other over and killed him. When Mitchel got up to the fallen man he found it was Captain Dane, stone dead."

"Good mercy preserve us!" uttered Hawthorne.

"And that fool of a Mitchel comes rushing up to the guard station at the pace of a steam engine, which we conclude upset his heart or some other vital part of him, and must needs fall into a fit. The consequence was, that nobody knew anything about it till he came to, which was more than an hour after, and then the tide had covered the beach, and washed the body away. Sickly fellows like Mitchel are never good for much."

"Poor gentleman!" exclaimed the landlord. "It was only the day before yesterday he stopped at the door here, and spoke to me as he went by. What an affliction for my lord and my lady. Who was the quarrel with? Who threw him over?"

"His late servant, Ravensbird."

The landlord backed against the shelves as if thunderstruck, and an iron ladle which he held in his hand clattered on to the ground.

"Ravensbird!" he uttered, in a low, awe-struck tone; "Ravensbird!"

"Ravensbird, and nobody else. He was not long carrying out his threats of vengeance."

"Why, he has been lodging here ever since yesterday morning. He is upstairs in bed at this moment. I couldn't have slept in the same house with him if I had known this last night."

"He must have dodged Captain Dane, and waylaid him on the heights. The curious part of the affair is, what took Captain Dane over to the brow at all. Some think that Ravensbird, in some cunning way, entrapped him into going, and then——"

At this moment an interruption occurred which nearly made the landlord and the speaker start out of their skins. A high-backed, wooden screen went partially across the bar, its seat in front facing the fire. At the back of the screen stood the landlord and his customer; and at this critical juncture the head of Mr. Ravensbird was propelled round it, glaring at the two in indignation. He had been quietly seated there all the time.

"Your name's Dubber, I believe?" he said, looking at the preventive man. "How dare you stand there to traduce me?"

Dubber was, as the saying runs, taken to. He was too confused to make any reply. And Ravensbird walked round and confronted him.

"By what authority do you accuse me of the crime of murder?"

"Well, now, Mr. Ravensbird, if what I've said is not true—if you are innocent, I'm sure I beg your pardon," he answered, gathering courage and his wits together. "But you must not blame me. If I had not told Hawthorne, the next comer in would. When events like this happen, people will talk; and if you were not mixed up in this, you'd be the first to talk of it yourself. Mitchel saw the affair, and saw the captain pitched down; and he says the other was Mr. Ravensbird."

"Mitchel says that it was I; that he saw me?"

"As I hear; the men were saying so, last night. I didn't hear Mitchel speak, myself, for I wasn't in the guard-house till he had gone."

"Is what you have been asserting, true—that Captain Dane is murdered?" pursued Ravensbird.

"Oh, that's true, safe enough. They are getting ready the drags to search for the body."

"On what part of the heights did it happen?" proceeded Ravensbird.

"Off the chapel ruins. He fell down just beyond Rock Point. But I must be off, for my time's up," added the man; "unless I'd like to get reported."

He turned round as he spoke, and departed, glad to be away from the stern eye, the sallow face of Ravensbird.

"Putting them questions as if he'd like to make believe he was an innocent know nothing," thought Dubber. "But they won't avail him much, when he's carpeted before my Lord Dane."

Ravensbird turned his eyes on the landlord when they were left alone.

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1875, by Walker, Reed & Co., Publishers and Proprietors, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

"My pictures will shine till in light divine their deathless types I see."

"What do you know of this business, Hawthorne?"

"If you were sitting in the screen, Mr. Ravensbird, you must know as much as I. I have only heard what Dubber said."

"What do you think of it?"

"I can't think. Who would do harm to Captain Dane? He had no enemies that I know of. I'm sure the quarrel with you was quite unlike him."

"Unlike his general nature. He was put up—and so was I. Where's my hat? Upstairs, I think. I shall go out and ascertain the truth of this business."

He quitted the bar to go to his chamber, and almost at the same moment the inspector of police entered it. He ranged his eyes round and round, as if in search of some object, and then nodded to the landlord.

"Good-morning, Hawthorne. You have got Master Ravensbird lodging with you, I hear. Is he up yet?"

"He was here not an instant ago, sir. He's gone to his room to fetch his hat. He wants to go out and learn the particulars about this sad business about the captain. Dubber has just been in to tell of it. I'm sure you might have knocked me down with a puff."

The inspector withdrew from the bar to the passage, and there he propped himself against the wall. The position he had chosen commanded a view of the back door of the house, as well as of the front. Almost immediately Ravensbird appeared, and the inspector accosted him.

"A fine morning, Mr. Ravensbird."

"Very. I am going out to enjoy it."

"An instant yet. I want to say a few words to you."

"Not now," impatiently returned Mr. Ravensbird.

"No time like the present," was the reply of the inspector, as he laid his hand upon the man's shoulder. "Don't be restive. I must detain you."

Ravensbird turned his sallow face on the officer, his eyes flashing with anger.

"By what right? What do you mean?"

"Now, Ravensbird, don't be unreasonable: take things quietly. You are my prisoner, and all the resistance in the world won't avail you."

Ravensbird's answer to this was resistance. He strove to wrench himself from the inspector's grasp, and, though short of stature, he was a powerful man. Had it come to a tussle of strength between the two he must have gained the victory; but before he well knew where he was, or what had happened, he found a pair of handcuffs on his wrists.

"The most senseless thing a man can be guilty of is to try and resist an officer in the execution of his duty," observed the inspector, in a tone of pleasant argument, as though he were discussing the point with a knot of friends. "You need not suppose we do our work by halves, Ravensbird: had you escaped me, you would only have jumped into the sheltering arms of my men, who are planted outside of the house, front and back."

"Planted for what?" fumed Ravensbird.

"For you. And there they have been all night, since Lord Dane gave me the orders to arrest you. I thought I'd do the thing politely, and wait till morning: or I might have knocked up the house and taken you then."

"How dare Lord Dane order me into custody!"

"That's his affair."

"He is no magistrate: by what right does he grant warrants? He——"

The inspector burst into a laugh. "A stipendiary magistrate, no. But he is lord of the manor, and lord-lieutenant of the county. Don't question Lord Dane's *rights*, my man."

Ravensbird appeared to be cooling down. "Understand me," he said. "I do not want to resist the authority of the law, and if I were free as air this moment, I should stay and face this matter out. But, what I am vexed and annoyed at, is this: I was on the point of going out to inquire; to ferret out particulars; I have a motive for doing so that you know nothing of: and I'd rather have given a ten-pound note out of my pocket, than have been stopped in it."

The inspector coughed,—as incredulous a cough as ever man gave vent to. In his opinion there was not a shadow of doubt that the attacker of Captain Dane was the man before him; and he looked upon the words as being put forth in cunning deceit.

"I'm sorry I can't spare you. If you can convince Lord Dane of your innocence, why you'll be at liberty perhaps before the day's over. But there are no particulars to learn beyond what are universally known. The struggle took place, Captain Dane was thrown down, and the tide washed the body away."

"Dubber says the struggle took place by the ruins."

"Not ten yards from them," replied the inspector, who was a good-tempered man and liked to humor his prisoners. "But what's the use of your keeping up this show of ignorance, Ravensbird?" he added. "You have got an old card to deal with in me. As if there was any living man could tell the time, the place, the facts altogether, so certainly as you."

Ravensbird looked the inspector steadily in the face, never quailing. "You may be an old card—experience has made you one—but you have taken the wrong man in taking me. I did not know that any accident, any ill had happened to Captain Dane, until Dubber just now told it; I did not know but he was alive and well: and that I swear."

"Now, don't you take and swear to any nonsense, or it may be used against you," was the retort of the inspector. "I never care to make bad worse, for those who come into my custody; it's not my way; but when prisoners get chattering, and letting out all sorts of slip words in their folly, why I'm obliged to repeat it again. The best thing you can do is to sew your mouth up, until you are before Lord Dane. And that's friendly advice, mind."

Possibly Ravensbird felt it to be so: for, if he did not observe it literally and sew up his mouth with thread, he at any rate relapsed into silence.

Between nine and ten he was conveyed to the castle. Lord Dane was seated in his audience-chair in the great hall: though so physically powerless, his mind was as vigorous to conduct the investigation as it had ever been. Mr. Apperly, in his legal capacity, sat near him, a small table and pen and ink before him; Squire Lester, Supervisor Cotton, and a few others were present — but not Mitchel. He was expected, but had not come. A sensation was created when Ravensbird, in his handcuffs, was introduced by the inspector.

"You bad, wicked man!" broke forth Lord Dane, in anguish, forgetting the dignity of a magistrate in the feelings of a father. "Could nothing serve your turn but you must murder my poor son?"

"I did not murder him, my lord," respectfully answered Ravensbird.

"We don't want quibbling here," interrupted the lawyer, who was of an excitable temperament, apt to put himself into heats. "If you did not deliberately murder him with a knife, or a club, or a pistol, or any thing of that sort, you attacked him and threw him over the cliff. I don't know what else you can call it, but murder."

"I never was on the heights last night, I never saw Capt. Dane after he turned me from the castle in the morning," responded Ravensbird, "Who accuses me of this?"

"Now, my good man," impetuously broke forth the lawyer, "this absurd equivocation will not avail you, and you only waste breath and my lord's time in using it. You have brought enough sorrow upon his lordship, without seeking to prolong this trying scene."

"I asked who was my accuser, Mr. Apperly," doggedly repeated the prisoner; "and I have a right to be answered."

"Circumstances and your own actions are your accusers, and Mitchel is evidence," returned Mr. Apperly. "He witnessed the struggle on the heights, and he saw you push down Capt. Dane."

"Could not Mitchel have been here by this hour?" feverishly put in Lord Dane, looking at the supervisor.

"I thought he would have been up before this, my lord," was the reply of the latter. "I'll go out and see after him."

"Does Mitchel say it was I, struggling with Captain Dane?—that he saw me!" inquired the prisoner, as Mr. Cotton left the hall.

"Of course he does," answered the lawyer. "Do you imagine he would conceal it?"

"Then he tells a malicious, gratuitous lie," exclaimed Ravensbird. "And he must do so to screen the real offender."

Lord Dane bent his head forward, and spoke. "Ravensbird, as Mr. Apperly says, this line of conduct will only tell against you. Had no person whatever seen the transaction, there could not have been any misconception upon the point, for who else but you was in ill blood with my son? Of the nature of the quarrel between you and him, yesterday morning, I am in ignorance, but it is certain that you must have provoked him most grievously, and you quitted my roof, uttering threats against him."

"My lord, so far that is true," replied Ravensbird, calmly and respectfully. "I gave Captain Dane certain information, by which I thought to do him a service, but he received it in a contrary spirit. It was connected with his own affairs, not pleasant news, and it called forth anger on his part towards me. I felt that it was unmerited, that I was harshly treated, and my own anger was roused. I answered my master as I confess I had no business to answer him. We both grew excited, be beyond control, and he ordered me out of the house and kicked me down the stairs. I ask you, my lord, whether it was likely I could take it calmly, without a retort? I had been a good servant to my master, had served him faithfully for years, and that only made me feel the insult more keenly. I left the castle, and for the next two hours all I did was to give vent to my feelings in harsh words——"

"You said you would be revenged," interrupted Lord Dane.

"Ten times, at least, I said it, my lord, and many heard me, but by the end of the two hours my anger was spent. Harsh words they were, but idle as the wind. I never seriously entertained the thought of taking vengeance on my master. I had but spoken in the heat of passion; and, before long, I actually began in my own mind to find some excuse for him."

"You forget that your struggle with him was witnessed by the preventive man."

"It never was, my lord, for no struggle with me took place. What Mitchel's motive for accusing me can be, I cannot tell; either his eyesight deceived him, or he is screening the real offender at my cost. But I don't fear; the truth is sure to come to light."

"The truth is to the light already," sarcastically replied Mr. Apperly. "I am astonished at your ridiculous persistence, prisoner. You may just as well hold to it that the sun is not shining into the room at this present moment. But all this is most irregular, and only a waste of time. Inspector, is there nothing we can proceed with in order, while waiting for Mitchel? Are there no witnesses to be examined?"

The police-inspector stood forward and addressed Lord Dane. "Your lordship has done me the honor to put the conducting of this case into my hands," he said, "and I must ask to be allowed to question a witness—or that your lordship would question her. It has come to my knowledge that there is one of your lordship's family who perhaps may be enabled to throw some light upon the affair: I speak of Lady Adelaide Errol."

There was a pause. Lord Dane did not reply. Mr. Apperly stared, and the inspector continued:

"I have been informed that the Lady Adelaide proceeded as far as the ruins last night, just about the time the affray must have happened, and came back screaming, in a state of extreme terror. It strikes me, my lord, that her terror may have been caused through having seen something of the affray, and I should like to question her."

"I have questioned her," replied Lord Dane. "She says not."

"Pardon me, my lord, if I hold my own opinion. Her ladyship is but young, most likely timid, and she may feel afraid to confess to it. It may be necessary—with your lordship's sanction—to administer the oath."

Lord Dane dispatched a summons for Lady Adelaide. The reader must not suppose that things were conducted with the regularity that they would have been in a formal court. Nothing of the sort. Lord Dane ruled, and the rest bowed to his will.

Adelaide came in, not daring to disobey. She was in a white morning dress, ornamented with blue ribbons. The sunlight fell upon her auburn hair, and her color went and came painfully: one minute she was crimson, the next, white as her robe. She shivered and shook as she took the oath.

"Had your ladyship any motive in going out to the ruins last evening?" asked the inspector.

"It was a fine night," she faltered, her voice scarcely audible.

"You had no suspicion that any quarrel or affray was about to take place there?"

"Oh, no!" she vehemently answered.

"It took you by surprise, then. Will your ladyship tell us what you saw?"

She burst into tears. But for her oath, she would have denied seeing anything, as she had hitherto done.

"Speak out," said Lord Dane, with sternness.

"I ran across to the ruins; it was very stupid and thoughtless of me; and I went inside," she sobbed. "I stood a few moments to take breath, and I fancied I heard voices, as if in dispute."

"And then?" eagerly questioned Lord Dane, for she had paused.

"I crossed the ruins to the other door—the one nearer the sea—and looked out. Two men seemed to be struggling on the brow of the precipice, and I saw one fall over. I was nearly terrified out of my senses; I believe that for the moment my senses did leave me; all I remember is, that I tore out of the ruins, and back here, screaming."

"Why did you not state this?" sharply demanded Lord Dane.

"Oh, I was too frightened," she shivered. "I was sick with fear. I thought if the men should come after me, and kill me for watching them."

"Did you recognize one of them to be Harry?"

"No, no. How could I recognize them in that short moment?"

"My lady," interrupted Mr. Apperly, "did the other seem to bear any resemblance to the prisoner here?"

"Not that I saw or thought of," she answered. "It did not strike me that either of them was Ravensbird."

"If she could not recognize my son, she could not recognize Ravensbird," observed Lord Dane.

"My lady," struck in the inspector, "did no idea, ever so faint, convey to

your mind who either of them might be?"

The question—from him—seemed to excite her anger, and she turned her face haughtily upon him.

"Did you not hear my replies to Lord Dane and Mr. Apperly? Had I recognized Captain Dane or his adversary, should I be likely to say I did not? To what end? What had the affair to do with me?"

It takes a great deal to stop a police-inspector. And this one proceeded as deliberately as though he had received no reproof.

"Nor the voices, either, my lady? Did you not recognize them?"

"I recognized nothing," she impatiently answered. "I was too terrified. May I retire?" she added, turning to Lord Dane. "If I stop here forever, I can say no more."

"An instant yet, my lady," interrupted the inspector. "Did the other—the one who did not go over the cliff—attempt to follow you when you ran away?"

"Not that I saw—not that I know of. I did not look round to see."

"My lady," continued the undaunted inspector, "I must ask you one more question; and you will pardon me for reminding you that you are upon your oath, before you answer it. Have you told *all?* Is there nothing that you are keeping back?"

But the question was never answered. For Lady Adelaide, overcome by emotion, caused perhaps by past remembrance, perhaps by present perplexity, turned deadly white, and fell back on a chair.

"She knows no more," said Lord Dane. "Take her upstairs to my lady."

CHAPTER V.

RICHARD RAVENSBIRD.

Lord Dane grew impatient in his chair of state. The warrant, committing Richard Ravensbird for the wilful murder of his son, was already made out; it wanted only the signature, and that waited but the formality of Mitchel's evidence. Mr. Apperly busied himself with his papers, the prisoner leaned against the wall, the inspector was in a brown study, his arms folded, while the servants collected outside in groups, to express their horror and aversion of their late comrade, Ravensbird.

"Here's Mitchel, here's Mitchel," briskly cried out Mr. Apperly, seeing the approach of the man. "Now, then, we shall soon have it over."

The preventive man came in, under the wing of Supervisor Cotton. He looked pale and ill still, and Lord Dane ordered him a chair, while he gave his evidence. He testified to hearing the disputing sounds, to seeing indistinctly the struggle, and to the fall of Captain Dane.

"Thrown over by Ravensbird," said hot-tongued Lawyer Apperly.

"Yes," responded Mitchel.

"Were there no signs of life whatever in my son?" inquired Lord Dane, struggling with his inward feelings.

"None, my lord; he was as dead as ever I saw anybody. I wish I could have carried him away with me in my arms, my lord, instead of leaving him to be washed away with the tide; but it was beyond my strength. I wish I had not fell into that fit; there'd have been time to get to him."

"You could not help it, Mitchel," replied Lord Dane, in a sad, kind tone. "Did you recognize him to be my son on the heights before he fell?"

Mitchel shook his head.

"Impossible, my lord. It was only moonlight, and the scuffle did not seem to last a moment hardly before he was over. It was only when I got to him, trying to lift him up, that I saw it was Captain Dane."

An interruption came from the prisoner. He had fixed his stern, black eyes on Mitchel when the man first entered, never removing them; they seemed to devour every turn of his countenance, every word that fell from his mouth.

"My lord," said he, turning to Lord Dane, "the worst criminal brought to the bar is allowed an advocate, by the English law; but I have been hurried here without one. Having none, I should like to ask the witness a question."

"Ask it," assented Lord Dane.

"You have just sworn that it was impossible you could recognize Captain Dane upon the heights, that it was only moonlight, and the scuffle lasted but a moment," proceeded the prisoner to Mitchel, availing himself of the permission. "If you could not recognize him, how could you recognize me."

"I did not recognize you," returned Mitchel.

A pause. The prisoner spoke out again eagerly, passionately.

"Then why did you say you did?"

"I didn't say it."

"You did. As I am told."

"No, I did not say it. My eyesight did not carry me so far," was Mitchel's rejoinder; but he was interrupted by the police inspector.

"Do you mean to deny, Mitchel, now you are on your oath, that it was Ravensbird who flung over Captain Dane?"

"I couldn't say that it wasn't, or that it was, sir. It might have been him, or it might have been anybody else in this room, for all I saw."

The inspector looked at Lord Dane.

"I understood your lordship, last night, that Mitchel had seen and recognized Ravensbird as the offender."

"I understood so," returned Lord Dane, "I was so informed. You, for one, Apperly, certainly said so."

Mr. Apperly brought his spectacles severely down upon the countenance of Mitchel, and spoke in a sharp, quick tone.

"You know you said last evening in the guard-house, that it was Ravensbird."

"I said it was sure to have been Ravensbird, because of the quarrel he had with his master in the morning," answered Mitchel. "As I was coming-to, after my attack, and telling what I had seen, somebody exclaimed—and I do believe it was yourself, Mr. Apperly—that it must have been Ravensbird, and I agreed, saying there was no doubt of it. But I never said it was Ravensbird from my own knowledge; from my own eyesight."

"Then are we to understand, Mitchel, that you do not positively know who it was that was engaged in the conflict with my son?—that you did not recognize the person?" asked Lord Dane.

"I do not, my lord. I surmised it to be Mr. Ravensbird, on account of the quarrel, but I could not see who the people were scuffling on the heights. Had Captain Dane not fallen, I could not have known him to be one. The other might have been a woman for all I could see."

The party felt rather nonplussed. Every one present, including the usually keen and correct inspector, had fully understood that Mitchel could swear to Ravensbird. The misapprehension had gone abroad, carried from one to the other.

"It makes little difference," cried Lawyer Apperly, who was the first to speak. "It *could* have been nobody but Ravensbird. He owed his master a grudge, and he paid him out; he may not have intended a fatal termination—"

"But it makes every difference," interrupted the prisoner, in agitation. "If a credible witness says he saw a man commit murder, he is believed; but, if it turns out that he never saw it, it makes all the difference. My lord" he added, "I swear I was not the assailant of your son; I swear I never saw him after I left here this morning."

Lord Dane looked annoyed at the appeal. His belief that Ravensbird was the guilty man was firm as a rock. Mr. Apperly spoke up authoritatively.

"Assertions go for nothing, prisoner. Perhaps you'll account for your time yesterday, hour by hour, up to ten o'clock at night."

"Yes, I can," somewhat doggedly returned the prisoner. "After I quitted the castle I went straight to the Sailor's Rest, and the landlord can tell you so."

"But you may not have stopped at the Sailor's Rest."

"I did stop at it; and twenty people, going in and out, saw me there; and I dinned and had tea with the landlord and his wife."

"Well—after tea?"

Ravensbird hesitated.

"After tea I sat in the parlor with the landlady till it was hard upon seven, and then I went out for a stroll."

The inspector pricked up his ears and exchanged glances with Mr. Apperly. The latter continued, his dry, hard tone speaking volumes.

"Where did you stroll to? Which road?"

"I don't know that that matters to anybody," was the somewhat sullen answer.

"Perhaps it was up this road?"

"Perhaps it was, perhaps it wasn't," returned the prisoner. But all present felt that it *was*.

"Why, bless my heart!" uttered the lawyer, nearly jumping from his chair with the suddenness that the recollection flashed upon him, "I met you myself, Ravensbird; I was on my way home from a client's, and encountered you coming up this way. It was about seven o'clock. You cannot deny it."

"I have not attempted to deny it, Mr. Apperly."

"Well, now, the question is, What time did you get back again to the Sailor's Rest?"

Ravensbird answered the question by asking another, looking at Mitchel as he did so.

"What time was it that you saw the scuffle, and the fall?"

"It had gone the half-hour past eight," was the immediate reply of Mitchel, "it was hard upon the quarter to nine."

Ravensbird coolly folded his arms and drew back.

"That settles it, then," said he, with the air of a man who has done with contention; "I was back inside the Sailor's Rest at twenty minutes past eight, and I did not stir out again."

It, however, by no means "settled" it. For not one believed him. They could not have been more fully persuaded that he was the culprit had they actually seen him with their own eyes pitch over Captain Dane.

"I gather," said Lord Dane, "that you were—according to your own account—absent from the inn somewhere about an hour and a half. Where did you pass that interval?"

"My lord, I must decline to answer," promptly replied the prisoner.

"You refuse to state, sir?"

"Yes, my lord. I was at the Sailor's Rest at the time the crime is stated to have been committed, and could have had nothing to do with it; therefore I would respectfully submit to your lordship, that my movements, preceding it, have no right to be inquired into."

"Now don't you go drifting against rocks, prisoner, or may be you'll split upon them," interposed the inspector. "When a man's arrested on a capital charge, it is the business of the law to work up and bring to light, not only his movements and doings, but every particular respecting him. So you will do well to answer his lordship."

"I decline to answer," was the only response reiterated by the prisoner.

However convinced Lord Dane, the solicitor, and the police, might feel that Ravensbird was guilty, it was yet necessary to show justifiable grounds for the opinion, ere the warrant was acted upon. Ravensbird was detained in custody at the castle, while the inspector went to make inquiries in the town. And he brought back news which completely baffled Lord Dane.

Hawthorne and his wife, in conjunction with two or three other respectable witnesses, declared that Ravensbird *was* back at the Sailor's Rest by twenty minutes past eight, and that he did not quit it again. He sat in the parlor, common to the guests, till eleven, when the house shut up, and then retired to his chamber. The inspector confessed himself "floored" by the news.

But what about the warrant? Why, it was of no use, and had been made out for nothing; for it could not be put in force against Ravensbird. Neither was there any plea for detaining him in custody in the face of so distinct an alibi; and he was discharged.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NATURAL BEAUTY.—All our moral feelings are so interwoven with our intellectual powers that we cannot affect the one without in some degree addressing the other; and, in all high ideas of beauty, it is more than probable that much of the pleasure depends on delicate and untraceable perceptions of fitness, propriety and relation, which are purely intellectual, and through which we arrive at our noblest ideas of what is commonly and rightly called intellectual beauty. Ideas of beauty are among the noblest which can be presented to the mind, invariably exalting and purifying it according to their degree. And it would appear that we are intended by the Deity to be constantly under their influence, because there is not one single object in nature which is not capable of conveying them, and which, to the rightly-perceiving mind does not present an incalculably greater number of beautiful than of deformed parts.

FACETIÆ

A CORRESPONDENT is much puzzled to know how it is a woman who is twisting up her back hair, and has her mouth full of hair-pins, manages to keep on talking.

A BACHELOR recently made a will, leaving his entire furniture to be divided among the girls who had refused him. "For to them," he added, feelingly, "I owe all my earthly happiness."

MATTER-OF-FACT PHILOSOPHY. — A philosopher asserts that "love is to domestic life what butter is to bread—it possesses little nourishment in itself, but gives substantials a grand relish, without which they would be hard to swallow."

"Do you think that souls separated here are united hereafter," asked a pale, emaciated pietist of a friend.

"I hope not," was the reply. "It cost me a pretty good figure to get a divorce, and when I invested that money I invested it for time and eternity, too."

SOMETHING LIKE COLD.—A Western paper gives one a vivid idea of the extremely cold weather of the past winter, when it says that a mother thought her daughter was a long time bidding her sweetheart good night, until she went to the door and found their lips frozen together.

"GRACIOUS heavens, doctor! do you mean to tell me that I must do without stimulants altogether?"

"Certainly. If by any chance you feel a sinking between your meals, I don't object to a—to a——"

"Yes——"

"Wineglassful of cold water, you know!"

"How much is your stick candy?" inquired a boy of a candy dealer.

"Six sticks for five cents."

"Six sticks for five cents, eh? Now lemme see. Six sticks for five cents, five for four cents, four for three cents, three for two cents, two for one cent, one for nothin'. I'll take one."

And he walked out, leaving the candy man in a state of bewilderment.

"MY dear," said a husband, in startled tones, after waking his wife in the middle of the night. "I have swallowed a dose of strychnine!"

"Well, then, do for goodness sake lie still, or it may come up."

IT is the sagacious remark of a keen observer that you can generally tell a newly-married couple at the dinner table by the indignation of the groom when a fly alights on the bride's butter.

A LITTLE five year old boy in Indiana said to a judge who had called at his father's: "Are you going to your store?"

"I haven't got any store."

"Are you going to your mill?"

"I haven't got any mill."

"Are you going to your shop?"

"I haven't got any shop."

"Well, then, how do you make your money?"

"I make it by my brains."

"Well, my papa makes money, and he hasn't got any brains."

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

A DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A flower. Scotch favorite music. A lady's name. A marine hospital. The opposite of acid. A bone of the human body. A poetical foot. My initials form two characters of historical romance.

LITTLE ONE.

CURTAILMENTS.

1. Curtail a pain and leave a vessel.
2. Curtail to incline and leave kitchen refuse.
3. Curtail to quiet and leave reality; curtail again and leave something formed by fire.

FORT TOTTEN.

METAGRAMS.

1. Change my head, and I become a donkey, fish, girl, thrust, lump.
2. Change my head, and I become a stroke, deed, fuel, mansion, cattle.
3. Change my head, and I become a tree, period, grass, song, reward, passage, speech.

JAMES ROBERTSON.

ADDITIONALS.

1. Add a letter to a pronoun and have time.
2. Add a letter to a boy's name and have a girl's name.
3. Add a letter to a grain and have a nut.
4. Add a letter to foundation and have degraded.
5. Add a letter to a fish and have to make public.
6. Add a letter to sport and have a blessing.
7. Add a letter to careless and have a plant.
8. Add a letter to *a sin* and have a toilet article.

FORT TOTTEN.

PALINDROME.

From twenty-six I have preferred
Two letters—only two:
Now out of these pray form a word,
Which I explain to you.

I pass by every day, and while
My constant course I keep,
I look upon both those who smile,
And those, alas! who weep.

In this world each succeeding year
Brings often something strange;
Old things die out whilst new appear,
But, still, *I* never change.

Should you reverse my form, why then
You cannot do much more,
I'm still, e'en now, the same again
As what I was before!

E. P. MEREDITH.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 51.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx," No. 48, Vol. 24.

CHARADE.—Man-age (Manage).

WORDS SQUARE—

STAR	MANY
TARE	ALOE
ARIA	NORA
REAL	YEAR

ENIGMA.—Wheat, heat, eat, at.

FLOWERS TRANSPOSED.—1. The Sweet William. 2. The Wall flower. 3. The Polyanthusca. 4. The Calceolaria. 5. The China Aster. 6. Ranunculus. 7. The Virginia Stock. 8. The Carnation. 9. The Candytuft. 10. The Lily of the Valley.

WORTHY.

BY JULIA C. BENNETT.

Oh, my God, I cannot thank Thee
For the gifts Thou sendest me—
But my grateful heart is lifted
With its humble prayers to Thee.

Let Thy blessings teach me how to
Brighten pathways dark and drear—
Let my sunshine sometimes wander
To the hovels of sin and fear—

That the darkness which surrounds them
May be pierced by rays of Light—
That their souls may thus awaken
And dispel the gloom of Night!

Then, perhaps, in the Hereafter,
Thou may'st smile and say to me—
"Thou art worthy of my Kingdom,
For these souls were saved by Thee!"

A GIFT FROM HEAVEN!

BY PIERCE EGAN,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "Violet; or, the Wonder of Kingswood Chase," "Her First Love," Etc., Etc., Etc.,

CHAPTER XIV.—[CONTINUED.]

Yet it was only for a moment. Templemore threw away the part of the cigar he had been smoking, and lit another, and as he cast aside the ignited match his face wore its usual expression.

De Rougemont felt the beads of cold perspiration stand thickly on his forehead.

"Before heaven, Templemore," he ejaculated, hus-ly, "I thought you, too, were about to drop dead at mention of her name."

Templemore laughed contemptuously.

"I tell you," he said, showing his teeth, "nothing will kill me—until I have worked out the end for which alone I live."

"But why the mention of the name of Talbot——"

"Pshaw! That was a mere spasm in connection with my complaint. Pray go on with the praise of your beauty, Miss Talbot. She ran off, did she not, with a man named Harcourt—a fellow who had a fortune left to him, which he could have obtained no other way. They have, I suppose, been living in the closest retirement abroad, and have returned in the expectation that the land is clear before them."

"What have they to fear?" asked De Rougemont, hastily.

Templemore shrugged his shoulders.

"Do not ask me," he replied, with affected carelessness. "I neither know nor care what took them away or has brought them back. I have no interest in them—unless he can be imbued with a taste for the Turf and plunging. I would not object to a few cool thousands of his fortune. Where are they staying? Are they housed yet?"

"No. After you passed us in the park I had some difficulty to get her to talk, but I learned that he has gone to North Devon to look at an estate," returned the colonel.

"Leaving her in London—alone!" said Templemore, a little quickly.

"Yes; they are staying at the Cavendish at present.

"When does he return?"

"Not for a week, I understand."

"Are you as infatuated as ever?"

"Well—yes—rather more than ever."

"You have called, of course?"

"I presented my card this morning."

"Well?"

"She will be 'at home' to me at five."

Templemore, with a brow he could not prevent lowering, became abstracted for a minute, and his lips moved so as to form the words "ruin and degradation;" but he gave no sound to them. He suddenly looked up steadily at De Rougemont, and said:

"You will go, of course?"

"Of course."

"And take flight with your angel half an hour afterwards."

"You do not know her, Templemore."

He laughed bitterly.

De Rougement did not observe it, but went on:

"She is a creature of no ordinary qualifications, Templemore. She has a resolute will, and plenty of common sense. Very hard to lead, and I should say not to be driven at all. If I can persuade her to visit parts as yet unknown with me for her companion, it will be only under some sting of personal wrong which is being fastened on her by the lout she has so inconsiderately tied herself to, and an expectation that she will be able to secure happiness under other auspices in another direction."

Templemore gave a hard, dry smile.

"She is a woman," he said, scornfully. "They are all selfish, inconstant, reckless. You do not, surely, intend a regular siege?"

"I am sure I stand no other chance. I purpose, firstly, to rouse her jealousy, then, if possible—or I will make it possible by suborned evidence if necessary—prove that she is grossly and shamefully wronged."

Templemore threw up his hands repressively.

"Look you, De Rougemont—confide your intentions in this matter to yourself alone. Keep your own secret; if you do not, you cannot be sure that the person you intrust will be more close than yourself. At all events, do not tell me your designs."

"You are my friend."

A curious expression, only too like intense malevolence, passed, or rather flitted, over Templemore's features, for it was so rapid in its transition De Rougemont did not notice it; but assuming a careless tone, he rejoined:

"Friend, ha! There are no friendships in love, war, or business, De Rougemont. I would go far out of my way, as you know, to serve you in nearly all mundane things; but I would as soon send a bullet through your skull as any other man's if you crossed my path in—in—an affair with—a woman."

De Rougemont was a little startled by the acrimony of his tone. He did not dream what was the incentive, or the dangerous position in which he had placed himself by dwelling on the infatuation with which Lao's charms had affected him, for Templemore found, despite all that had happened, notwithstanding Lao's heartless and wicked treatment of him, that the love she had inspired was not yet dead within him, and that he was becoming again, withal, as jealous as he had been in days of old, with this difference, that his jealousy now took a malignant type, which made murder, even in its worst form, rise up in his brain, and harass him with its terrible promptings.

However, as he had said, he had his mission to work out, and he was at least sentient enough to perceive that any reckless commission of criminal violence might rob him of the luxury of the revenge he had promised himself to take on Harcourt generally, and Lao especially.

His last speech to the colonel had rather chilled and disturbed the latter. He felt that it had a hidden meaning he could not fathom. So he presently observed:

"I thought you said 'Women delight not me, and never more will.'"

Templemore gazed up at the ceiling, and sent up thither a long column of smoke.

"I spoke conditionally," he said, slowly. "You see, De Rougemont, what you propose to do does not square with the severest code of morality, and having in view the laws of society is utterly indefensible. Men are asses who walk about proclaiming that they intend violating a sacred law, and when they do so generally bring their punishment on their own heads. I suggest to you to keep your own counsel, but be assured, when I say I seek an introduction to the—a—the—well, the husband of your infatuating charmer, I do not ask to be introduced to the lady. Indeed, judging by her power over you, I may say I would rather not. I will even go farther, and say that if an intimacy should spring up between myself and Harcourt, she is the very last person I should wish to be made acquainted with the fact. Do you understand?"

"You fancy that she might step in between you and your purpose of creating in him a passion for plunging?"

"Precisely. It can be no part of your views to prevent any arrangement of mine on that head."

"Clearly not. Notwithstanding your homily, I will help you all I can, but I must have a little time."

"Why? Time presses with me."

"I have told you. Harcourt entertains no friendly feelings towards me, and might refuse the introduction to you altogether. However, Admiral Hardcastle is, I think, on speaking terms with him. I will ask him to invite Harcourt to dine at our club in Pall Mall, to include you and myself, but I will not appear on the scene, so that you can work your oracle in your own way. How will that suit you?"

"Admirably; and you in the meantime?"

Colonel De Rougemont rose up, he tendered his hand, and rejoined, laughingly:

"My dear Templemore, you have taught me a lesson I intend to profit by. By-bye, you shall hear from Hardcastle as soon as the thing is arranged."

Templemore rose up and rang a bell sharply, as Colonel De Rougemont disappeared, and he bent his eyes upon the panels of the closed doors.

"But, lesson or no lesson," he growled, between his teeth, "I will know, and I will spoil you! You have revealed too much, colonel, or too little. If she turn out the unprincipled wretch you would make her, the way I shall use that poison on you, and upon her, will be more effective than when it was applied on me. I am not quite certain about the woman Lavender, but I am sure that I must have undivided control over the future of that boy. Harcourt is in North Devon, and will not return for two or three days at least. I will go down to Tattenham and make other arrangements for the disposition of my—that boy. Should Lavender hear of the return of her old mistress, she may seek her, and it is impossible to measure what influence that serpent may acquire over her. I will not trust her; both women are fiends incarnate. How I hate the whole sex."

With that charitable observation he proceeded to give instructions to his man to arrange for a visit to Tattenham.

When that was done and he was again alone, his countenance suddenly underwent an awful change—the features became rigid, and his lips disappeared under a tight compression. He folded his arms, knitted them together.

"Now," he thought, almost closing his eyes, "for a morning call."

CHAPTER XV.

A DANGEROUS CONTRACT.

Lao, reclining upon a velvet lounge, sat watching the hands of a handsome French clock placed in the centre of a marble mantelpiece in a small but elegantly furnished reception-room in the Cavendish Hotel.

She was attired with exquisite taste and skill, especially designed to attract the admiration of one whom she had resolved to enthral.

All that the dressmaker's art could achieve, aided by valuable jewels, had been employed to heighten her natural attractions, and all the secrets of the toilet had been explored to defeat the signs of added years.

In fact, if she did not look quite so girlish as when first introduced to the reader, she looked yet more beautiful, for her charms were more fully developed.

If she carried out, as she purposed, her intention of pouring upon her victim the full blaze of her powers of fascination, his chances of escape were below zero.

So she thought as she glanced at a cheval glass, judiciously placed so that she could see her form at full length, and judge of the effect of a graceful movement of the head, or a coquettish gesture of hand and arm.

The hands on the dial seemed to move with irritating slowness. It yet wanted a quarter to five. She examined her watch. It marked the same, and she knew that was correct.

"Those wretched French clocks never keep time," she muttered, petulantly. "It surely must be five, and I named five. He will come—he must come—or I must seek him. I have not a friend in the world, and I must have a resource, for I am on thorns. I fear—I fear what *he* may do. I fear what that woman may induce Harcourt to do if he discovers my secret. I am on the threshold of a maze, and I am about to give my hand to De Rougemont to guide me safely through, for I will purchase ultimate security—at whatever cost. I have done too much, to be deterred by scruples now."

The bell of the French clock beat five—sharply, shrilly, it seemed in her ears, though in reality the tones were soft and silvery—and every beat smote upon her heart like a death knell.

"The fatal hour approaches," she mused, drawing a long breath as if it were a convulsed sigh. "Oh, that I could but know the track—the direction my feet will take when I overstep the boundary of the uncertain."

She raised her eyes, for it seemed as though a shadow had fallen on her.

She had heard no footstep, but the form of a man stood bolt upright within a few paces of her.

He must have entered the room noiselessly by the door, to which his back was turned, and the bright though softly-toned light from the window shone full upon his face, so that every lineament was clearly defined.

As she gazed upon that stern, awful countenance, she became slowly paralyzed with an indescribable terror. Full of the anticipations of what might be the effect of her wiles on De Rougemont, her cheeks had been flushed with a beatic tinge, which now rapidly departed, leaving her complexion

White with the whiteness of what is dead.

For a full minute she lay silent, motionless, powerless, glaring at the terrifying object, with her large eyes expanded to their fullest extent.

Then her chest heaved and fell rapidly in tumultuous spasmodic convulsion; her whole frame quivered as in a shivering fit from brow to toe. A low, guttural, hoarse screech seemed to rend its way out of her throat. She raised her trembling arms and hands to her eyes, and shut out the form whose awful presence palsied her. Her white lips parted, and she breathed hoarsely the word:

"Clare!"

Then she became unconscious.

Yet it seemed to her only for an instant, for she distinctly heard her watch, which was a repeater, chime the hour of five.

She started up and gazed wildly at the figure of a man standing in the same place as before; but it was not the same man.

Before her now stood one who looked as if he had striven to impart an alabaster hue to his complexion with a spermaceti candle, and had spread the residue on his hair, which was parted and brushed stiffly, and was white and waxy.

He was a footman, and held a silver salver, on which lay a card. He also held his chin high in the air, and glanced down haughtily on Lao over his cheek bones, which were of the Sandwich Island type.

"Kurnel Droozgemong!" he exclaimed, as if incited to utter an unknown tongue.

She was about with a rapid vehemence to deny herself, when the footman was unceremoniously pushed aside, and the colonel himself stood before her.

He uttered a few scarcely-audible words, as if in response to a warm greeting, and then, turning to the footman, he bade him, in peremptory tones, to retire.

"What beasts them military air," muttered the man, as he stalked with an offended gait from the room. "The hairs they gives themselves is shocking!"

Colonel De Rougemont waited until the door had closed, and then he turned to Lao, and wreathing his face into a fawning smile, said, in an oily tone:

"You cannot divine, my dear Mrs. Harcourt, the immense, the proud gratification your goodness in receiving me has afforded me. I hope you will put me to some test which will prove how profoundly I appreciate your kindness. It may sound extravagant, perhaps, in your ears; but I assure you, my dear Mrs. Harcourt, it is true that in my long search after happiness I never found it until now."

She raised both her hands as though to repress his speech. She gazed with contracted brows and starting eyes slowly round the chamber, peering into every recess and corner, and as she did so twice or thrice she shuddered.

He followed the direction of her eyes with his in mute wonder, especially as he had noticed her shudder, and he mechanically ejaculated:

"What?"

"Are we alone?" she responded, in a sibilant whisper.

His face instantly became a brick-red. He spun round on his heel, and in a moment he set to work to examine every part of the chamber where even a mouse might have been concealed.

He returned to her.

"We are alone, Mrs. Harcourt!" he exclaimed. "Nothing bigger than a spider could have escaped my search."

"A spider!" she echoed, and shuddered again involuntarily.

Then she drew towards her a shawl and threw it about her shoulders, shivering and quivering, and for a moment hid her face in her hands.

He drew a chair close to the lounge, and seated himself.

"My dear Mrs. Harcourt," he said, soothingly, "in the name of all that is perplexing, what has happened to you? You look deathly pale. Pray make any use of me, if I can do aught to restore your serenity."

She looked up at him, and to his surprise, adopting an undertone so low as almost to make her speech inaudible, she replied:

"I am dazed—stupefied—bewildered! I think—I wish—I should be glad if you would excuse me, colonel, to-day. Some other occasion, when I am more myself, and, therefore, better able to entertain you——"

"Pardon me, my dear Mrs. Harcourt, you seem to be in some tribulation," he instantly rejoined. "Surely that is the very time when you should receive aid and support. I entreat you to regard me as a friend."

She pressed her hands together, and looked straight into his eyes, and so appealingly.

"I do *so* need a friend," she murmured, almost inarticulately. "I do not possess one in the whole wide world—at least, whom I consider a true, disinterested friend."

Colonel De Rougemont did not like the word "disinterested;" but he swallowed it, and clasping both hands, and pressing them against his chest, he said, earnestly:

"Make me your friend, dear Mrs. Harcourt; accept me. Believe me, you will find me true and fast."

Again she glanced uneasily and anxiously about the room—again she whispered:

"Are you sure we are alone?"

For answer, he sprang to his feet, and once more searched every nook and cranny in the room. He opened a door and entered an antechamber, which also he searched, but without detecting any eavesdropper. He opened the door by which he had entered, which led out on to the corridor, but saw no one, not even a page boy, at the far end of the passage.

He returned to the room, and closing the door, turned the key with a sharp click. Then with a smile he advanced with a quick step to the lounge on which he had left Lao reclining, but was abruptly arrested in his movement by seeing her standing erect, with her finger pointed towards the door.

"No! no!" she cried, imperiously,

"not that, Colonel De Rougemont. I had no such wish—no such thought. Unlock that door instantly. There must be free and unimpeded access to any one who desires to enter this room while you are here."

He shrank back abashed and confused. He felt as if he had been detected in the error of showing his hand too soon; but he had the tact to obey her mandate at once, and somewhat ostentatiously left it ajar. She, however, with well-assumed self-possession, presently added:

"Close it, colonel. To leave it thus would not improve the situation."

He complied, and as he saw her resume her seat, approached her with a slower step than before, and took up his position on the chair which stood near to hers.

Lowering his voice, but without being certain that it was the correct thing to do, he said:

"We are now certainly quite alone, Mrs. Harcourt. I will stake my existence on that."

She made no answer at the moment, but reclined back on the lounge, pressed her hands over her eyes, and became seemingly quite abstracted. But as he remained silent too, and she saw through the interstices of her fingers that he was watching her with a perplexed look, and appeared as if waiting an explanation, she slowly drew her hands down and sighed heavily.

"Colonel De Rougemont," she presently said, gazing upon him with a well-assumed pensive expression in her eyes, "you found me in a very perturbed state of mind. Something inexplicable had just happened to me. I think I must have swooned with fright."

"At what?"

She apparently forced a smile.

"At what, no doubt, will sound very absurd. It must have been a dream; yet anything more distinct, or it seemed palpable, I never beheld in my life."

"Will you kindly explain?" he suggested.

"I was seated here alone—as I have been since Harcourt's departure—oppressed by a sense of loneliness and dejection——"

"At his absence?"

Her lip curled contemptuously.

"No," she returned; "he is not my world. Briefly, I was, I remember, plunged in serious thought, when, raising my eyes, I beheld seated in the chair you occupy the form of—of—a man."

"A stranger?"

"No; one whom I had known in my girlish days, and whom I had the best of reasons to believe was dead—had been dead years. Yet there he sat, apparently as positively in the flesh as you are, staring at me with spectral eyes and a ghostly, ghastly face."

"It must have been a sudden hallucination."

"I think not. Yet——"

"Are you sure the man really did die?"

"No; it is that which bewilders me. If he lives he can work me very great evil, and I shall need a staunch friend to shield me from his machinations."

"Does Harcourt know——"

"Nothing. I dare not confide in him. His suspicious nature converts the most innocent circumstances into something diabolical."

"Wretch!"

She laughed.

"Do not call him names," she rejoined, quickly. "He has his fits occasionally; but he is not a person in whom confidence can be reposed."

"Confidences? May I venture to ask if your *bete noir* of to-day was a rejected swain of former days."

She raised her shoulders and let her eyelids fall.

"One cannot accept every offer tendered, nor be responsible for the weak and foolish susceptibility of others," she rejoined, with coquettish humility. Then she raised her eyes suddenly to his, and added, "It is not even one's good fortune to be able always to ally one's self to one for whom we entertain a predilection, and feel we might be happy with."

And then, averting her eyes, as she saw a flashing gleam dart from his, she appended in a saddened tone:

"Had I been differently reared, this man might not have had the chance to become so dire an enemy of mine as he was—as he will be if, as I fear, it was no ghost I saw to-day, but a living man who, by some agency unknown to me, came and disappeared."

"Describe him to me—give me his name."

She interrupted him by raising both her hands.

"Not so fast, colonel. I think it only discreet to test before trusting. At present you stand to me only in the light of an acquaintance, and before I entrust you with my confidences I must be sure of you as a friend."

"Prove me, my dear Mrs. Harcourt, in any way you please, even to the hazard of my life and the command of my fortune. You will find that you may place implicit faith in me."

"You have declared yourself devoted. Can you be secret?"

"As the grave—I pledge my honor."

She smiled sarcastically.

"Sometimes that article is too elastic to be of a value as a pledge; but I accept it from you, Colonel De Rougement, and I shall force you to adhere to it."

He looked a little disconcerted, but he made no remark.

"The truth is," she said, half reflectively, "I never had a friend. Mine is not a nature which would permit me to form friendships with women, and though I believe man to be the truest friend a woman can obtain when he is a friend, yet I have not been so circumstanced as to secure one."

"Until now," he interpolated, in an undertone, but with no little zeres.

"You must understand, colonel," she proceeded, without affecting to hear his remark, "that I was the only child of a woman of fashion, who was flattered and followed, and was a reigning toast. A woman of the world, unsympathetic, cold to me—nay, I grieve to say, in most respects heartless. I was kept out of sight until I left school, and was brought out when on the verge of leaving my teens. I made some sensation, it is but just to myself to say, because my mamma at once declined to divide her sovereignty with a grown up daughter. I was, therefore, save when papa took me into society, kept prisoner at home. Left to my own resources, with a mad, wilful indiscretion, I cast myself into the arms of one whom I fancied I loved, and who offered to bear me without a day's delay far from the reach of the persecutions of the tormentor to whom I have alluded."

"In fact, you contracted a clandestine marriage with Harcourt, and at once accompanied him abroad."

"He was at my elbow, he pleaded passionately—those who should have shielded and guided me, refused to listen to my 'silly complaints'—the picture he painted of the future was most alluring, and I yielded."

Here she gave a heavy sigh, and as if involuntarily pressed her finger tips on her eyelids.

"You have repented your step," he presently suggested, with a steadfast look at her.

She raised her shoulders.

"It is irrevocable, and it is profitless to repine," she responded; then she subjoined, quickly, "The individual from whom I fled vowed revenge—a diabolical revenge. He contrived to communicate to me that he had carefully and deliberately planned and arranged a plot, based on a tissue of monstrous and wicked fabrications, and that in retaliation for my rejection of him he would wholly and utterly destroy my happiness and ruin my position."

"Pshaw! A wild boast. The man's an idiot."

"Pardon me, colonel, I know my enemy, and I fear him. My difficulty is this: Harcourt knew him in the days gone by, and was frantically jealous of him. He thinks him dead; I thought him dead, as for years he has made no sign; but if I were to mention to Harcourt that I believe I saw him to-day under circumstances I am unable to explain—alive—he would act like a madman, and treat me with the harshest rigor."

"At his peril let him do it," interposed the colonel, excitedly, half rising from his chair.

"I must not listen to such observations," she rejoined, gravely. "He is my husband, and though I cannot confide wholly in him as a friend, it does not become me for a moment to forget the ties which link us together."

She said this rather loudly, and cast her eyes around the room as though she apprehended an auditor was hidden close by.

He appeared to comprehend this, and winking both eyes, smiled, and said:

"Certainly, of course; but I entreat you not to misunderstand me. I desire to be only your friend—your trusted, disinterested friend."

He, too, looked round as if he desired the imaginary auditor to take a note of his observation.

"The death of papa and mamma has left me friendless, and now you will not perhaps wonder why I so anxiously, in a position of isolation, danger—I had almost said unhappiness—seek the aid, support, and counsel of a true friend."

"I fully comprehend your difficulty, my dear Mrs. Harcourt, and if ever man was true to woman, I will be true to you. You have only to test me."

"Firstly, will you be blindly obedient?"

"I will."

"Believe me, and me only?"

"You, and you only."

"Treat me, act to me, and for me as an attached brother?"

"Hem! Well—yes—for the present at least I commit myself to that—as an attached brother."

"Take this and read it in silence. Signify your assent only by a nod of the head."

As she concluded she handed to him a folded paper. He opened it, and read:

"I dare correspond with you only in the Times. *It will be under the signaure 'Lamia,' and in the second column. Be prepared to receive instructions immediately, and visit me here no more."*

He raised his eyes to hers as he finished the perusal, and nodded his head very significantly. He put the paper carefully in his pocket, and saw her point with unmistakable meaning to the door, which opened on the corridor. He bowed, and in a low tone said, earnestly:

"You can be grateful."

She lowered her eyes, and replied:

"For unquestioning, unreflecting, unswerving service I can be grateful."

He raised her fingers, touched them gently with his lips, then swung round and marched from the room.

"I have her," he said to himself, as he descended the stairs, humming an air from "Traviata."

"I have him," she muttered, between her teeth, as she moved towards her dressing chamber; "Clare—Harcourt—both, I defy you."

As soon as the room was empty the top of a large settee rose slowly up and a young, slim-made fellow issued from the interior. He ran tiptoe to both doors and listened.

Apparently satisfied, he opened a pocket-book and wrote down—

"Five o'clock. Colonel——"

He stopped short and glanced at the table. A card lay on it. He took it up, and muttered:

"That'll do. De Rougemont—tatter-tater with the missus. Most innocent and interestin' conversation."

Then he laughed silently as he put the pocket-book away.

"That's wuth a fiver from missus, and with a fiver from the colonel to keep it dark, and from the governor something werry hansum for the straight tip. What a world this is. Blest if I thinks the upper crust is as good as the lower floor of the pie. I ain't got much against her, but it's enough. I suspex—enough."

With that he sneaked on tiptoe out of the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

KEEP THE RECIPES.—Every housekeeper should have her own recipe book—a book of her own creation, of general growth and proved excellence—and we propose to show our lady readers how to make one. In the first place buy a blank book and write your name and date on the first leaf. Divide the book into as many different departments as you wish, heading each page with the department to which it belongs, as follows: Recipes for cleaning; recipes for soups; recipes for cooking meats; recipes for cake, and so on through family cooking. Then comes cooking for the sick, care for the sick, and all the various things that are a part of woman's duty, and for which, unfortunately, there is no school but experience. Number your pages if they are not numbered in the beginning, and make an index, leaving blank spaces in the index to correspond with blank pages between departments which you do not expect to fill immediately. Write down under these different heads every recipe which you have actually tried, or the result of which you have seen in the houses of your friends, and enter the page in the index.

RECEIPTS GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

SILVERWARE may be kept bright and clean by coating the articles (warmed) with a solution of collodion diluted with alcohol.

EQUAL proportions of turpentine, linseed oil, and vinegar, thoroughly applied and then rubbed with flannel, is an excellent furniture polish.

SANDARAC VARNISH is the best material for mending plaster models. Saturate the broken surfaces thoroughly, press them well together, and allow them to dry.

HAIR OIL.—One pint of alcohol, two ounces of castor oil, a few drops of perfume. Shake well, so as to cut the oil. It softens the hair, promotes its growth, and prevents its falling out.

TO REMOVE COAL OIL FROM DRY GOODS AND CARPETS.—Cover the spot with finely-powdered chalk, lay a paper over it, and rub it over with a moderately heated iron; two or three applications will be all that is necessary. Care should be taken. Strong lye will often effect the same purpose.

THE German washerwomen use a mixture of two ounces turpentine and one ounce spirits of ammonia well mixed together. This is put into a bucket of warm water, in which half a pound of soap has been dissolved. The clothes are immersed for twenty-four hours and then washed. The cleansing is said to be greatly quickened, and two or three rinsings in cold water remove the turpentine smell.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.—With one quart of sifted flour mix thoroughly two teaspoonfuls of cream-tartar and one of soda, or the equivalent of these in baking powder, rub in a bit of butter the size of an egg, add a little salt, and sweet milk enough to form a soft dough. Roll half an inch thick and bake in a shallow pan fifteen or twenty minutes; have ready two quarts of fine fresh strawberries; split the cake, place half the strawberries between and cover thickly with white sugar and cream; put the other half on the top and cover in the same way; serve as soon as done.

NO MORE SEA-SICKNESS.—Voyagers, the world over, will remember M. Giraldes in their prayers, if half what he claims for a recipe of his for sea-sickness is true. Having occasion, he says, to frequently cross the English Channel, and invariably falling a victim to the horrid malady, he took a chloral compound with the happiest results. Here is the mixture: Chloral, three grammes (forty-five grains); distilled water and currant syrup, each sixty grammes; two drops of essence of mint. Of this he takes one-half immediately on coming on board, and the rest on the return voyage, and invariably escapes sea-sickness.

CLEANING CARPETS.—Put four tablespoonfuls of ammonia to one bucketful of water, with soap, scrubbing brush, and cloth; scrub and wash the carpet just as you would an unpainted floor, changing the water frequently. Leave the windows open, and the carpet will soon dry. In cities where bituminous coal is used carpets are scrubbed as regularly as wooden floors, and with happy effects. Instead of taking up a carpet every six weeks during the winter, as some in muddy districts think necessary, a careful wiping every week of the carpet with a mop wrung from clean water will remove the dust and brighten the colors. A thorough sweeping should precede this wiping up.

THE REVIEWER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"TELL IT ALL."—We have, at last, examined a copy of that most extraordinary work—of which upwards of fifty thousand copies have been sold to the present time, and which has excited so much genuine interest and attention in all sections of the country. We allude to Mrs. T. B. H. Stenhouse's new book, entitled, "Tell It All." It is with great pleasure, that we hail this remarkable work—the genuine history of a real Mormon woman. Two years ago the author published a little pamphlet on polygamy, which attracted considerable attention, and created quite a sensation among the Saints. The Mormon papers took up the subject, and alluding derisively to the delicate reticence, so natural to a sensitive woman, displayed by the author, spitefully invited her to "Tell It All." Men and women of position, in all parts of the country, who had visited her in Salt Lake City, urged her to seize the opportunity, "write a book," and lay the whole truth before the world. Mrs. Stenhouse ultimately consented, and chose for the title of her new volume, the words of derision used by her Mormon opponents—"Tell It All." In this way this singular work was introduced to the world. It is a book utterly unlike any other work on the subject ever penned before. And, although we would not spoil our readers' pleasure by telling Mrs. Stenhouse's fascinating story second hand, we will state that it is just what it professes to be—the history of a life in Mormonism, written by a lady of education and refinement, who, through the influence of religious sympathy, misdirected, became the victim and slave of one of the most extraordinary superstitions which the world has ever seen. In her own fascinating style, she tells all that can be told of that strange system, not as a visitor to Utah might relate, but with the thrilling eloquence and pathos of one whose whole life has been darkened by its deadly shadow. Real men and women—the story of real lives—the sayings, the doings, the events of to-day, among a class of our own countrymen and women, much talked of, but little known, are painted before us by this talented woman, with touching fidelity; and when the reader lays down the volume, his only regret is, that he has arrived at the last page. The book possesses all the vivacity and thrilling interest of the finest works of fiction. In point of mechanical skill, it could not be surpassed. The binding is elegant and substantial; the illustrations, on wood and steel, are costly, and finely executed; and altogether it is one of those subscription books, which one so rarely meets, which give the purchaser full value for his money. This work will be sold only to those who order of the agent, who will soon introduce it to our citizens. We bespeak for it a most cordial reception—for it is worthy of it.

BESIDE THE FOUNTAIN.

Out of the shadows of the garden two people came into the moonlight, and leaned over the little chain that encircled the small fountain, into whose basin a marble Hebe continually emptied her ever-brimming cup.

The moon looked at her image in the water, and there was a troubled reflection of two fair faces, both very young—one that of a youth of twenty, the other the dimpled, black-eyed, oval countenance of a girl of seventeen.

The iron chain against which they leaned ran at intervals through holes in certain iron posts, each finished by a little heading in the form of a lily.

As the girl looked down into the water, her fingers trifled with the lily on the post nearest her, and she remarked that one of the leaves had been broken off.

Ever after Lina Michel remembered that broken lily leaf, and the fluttering reflection in the water at the fountain in that old garden.

They were not unlike, these two; both were romantic. The tie of blood was between them, for they were cousins, and bearing different names.

They had been brought up under one roof, and Lina Michel's mother had been all the mother the little orphan Henri Kleber had ever known.

"It is cruel of grandpapa," she said. "It is very cruel, Henri. These old people think only of money. It is such an absurd idea. You and I to marry each other! We are like brother and sister."

"But we are not brother and sister," said he; "and even first cousins marry. I have been thinking that——"

"Oh, don't! don't!" she said. "Be my dear brother still. It would be frightful for us to marry. Besides, one should fall in love first—should not one? Think how absurd to marry without that."

"But I like you so much!" said Henri. "Dear cousin Lina, let us think about it."

"I will not," said she. "Of course you like me; of course I like you; and that is just why it can't be. Grandpapa ought to be ashamed of himself."

She paused a moment, then turned her lips towards her cousin.

"Give me a kind kiss, brother Henri," said she, "and never, never, never speak of this absurdity again. As for marrying, I shall never marry any one. Why should I, when I detest the thought?"

"I shall never marry, either, cousin Lina," said he. "But, you see, we are not brother and sister. You can't make it so by saying so."

Then he kissed her, and they walked back into the house, where grandpapa Kleber and granduncle Michel had just settled the matrimonial prospects of these two young cousins.

Old gentlemen do not like to be considered ridiculous.

The result of the young people's rebellion was a quarrel. Lina escaped very easily, but the young man was so beset with reproaches, that he finally defied his relatives.

The end of all this was, that one fine morning Henry Kleber found himself turned out into the world to seek his fortune, and, long ere his cousin's black eyes were opened upon the dawn, had left Munich and his furious relatives behind him.

From that day nothing was heard of him by his friends for many a long year.

Grandfather Kleber died, and left all his money to Lina.

Granduncle Michel died also, and Lina became yet richer.

The love that she had thought necessary to marriage had never come to her, and now she believed that it never would, for she was eight and twenty.

But, somehow, ever since that morning when she awoke and found that her cousin Henri was gone, her memories of him had grown more sweet and tender with every year.

She knew that she loved him—that she had loved him at first, although love had stolen into her heart, so masked beneath the guise of friendship, that she did not guess it was love, until it was too late to profit by the knowledge.

When this was revealed to her, she suffered great sorrow.

One night a thought had come to her. The world was wide, but he was somewhere in it. At least they might meet again.

She traveled two years, and heard nothing of her cousin Henri, and at last found herself in Paris.

There is no place to dream like a picture-gallery; no place like Paris for pictures.

One day she awoke to a wondrous interest in a small picture which hung in a small dealer's gallery in which she found herself. It was a simple scene. A moonlit garden, the distance dying into undefined shadows, a fountain into which a Hebe emptied her cup, and by the fountain's brim a youth and a young girl.

The moonlight kissed her face. His was not seen. He bent towards her lover-like. His hand touched hers, and hers rested on one of the little posts that held an encircling chain about the fountain. These were crowned with lilies, and, as she looked closer, she saw that the one the girl's hand rested on had a broken leaf. It was the garden of her grandfather's old house.

And this was more than chance.

Was there such a thing as magic, or had some artist watched Henri and herself on the night when she made that miserable mistake?

"Is this picture for sale?" she asked the dealer.

"I think the artist is mad," he said. "This is the first picture any one has wanted to buy, and he refuses to sell it. Perhaps a price sufficient will tempt him; but if I give his address, the lady will remember my commission?"

The lady promised faithfully to do so.

"It is a wretched street—he is very poor," said the dealer, and gave her the number written on a card. "The fifth floor," he said, with a shrug of his shoulders.

Lina Michel stepped into her carriage, and soon, followed by her maid, climbed the stairs of a dingy dwelling, and rapped upon the door that bore the word *atelier* upon it.

In a moment a man with a long beard, who held a pallette in his hand, opened the door.

"I speak to the painter of the picture at Monsieur——'s," said Lina; "the garden and fountain. I desire to buy it at any price."

"Madam," replied the artist, "I regret to say that the picture is not to be sold."

"But I must have it," said the lady. "I am rich—anything, any price."

"I am poor," said the artist, "but it has no price."

"Listen, sir," said the lady. "It is more than a picture that I want—it is a reminiscence. It is like a—place I know. I implore you to sell it to me."

"Madam," said the artist, "I see you have a heart. I will speak plainly. Long ago I stood with the only woman I ever loved beside that fountain. I did not even know my own heart, but I know it now. I have known it for years. One day the memory of the spot and of the hour returned to me as if by magic. I painted the picture in a few hours. Then again she stood before me. I saw the moonlight on her face. I saw her white hand lying in mine. I saw the whole picture. Never before could I put it upon canvas. I know I never can again. And, madam, while I live, I must look upon that picture. When I die, I must cast my last glance upon it. I shall never see her again. Long since she has become the wife of some one she loves well, no doubt; but I—I shall never love any other. So I must keep her picture."

And as he spoke, Lina Michel knew Henri Kleber—knew him despite the added stature and the flowing beard and all the changes of twelve long years, and as he ceased, she threw back her veil and held both her hands towards him.

"Henri," she sighed, "Henri! Oh, Henri, do you not know me?"

And then he had clasped her in his arms, and she lay sobbing on his bosom.

When they stood beside the fountain in the old garden at Munich again, they were man and wife.

THE BOOMERANG.

A traveler tells us something of the singular weapon used by the natives of Australia, the boomerang. He saw them used by the natives. They ranged from two feet to thirty eight inches in length, and were of various shapes, all curved a little, and looking, as he describes them, something like a wooden new moon. They are made of a dark, heavy wood, and weigh from one to three pounds. In thickness they vary from half an inch to an inch, and taper to a point at each end.

One of the natives picked up the piece of wood, poised it an instant, and threw it, giving it a rotary motion. For the first hundred feet or more it went straight ahead with a deep, humming sound. Then it tacked to the left, and rose slightly, still rotating rapidly. It kept this latter course for a hundred feet more, perhaps, but soon veered to the left again, describing a broader curve, and a moment later fell to the earth six or eight feet in front of the thrower, having described nearly a circle in the air.

Another native then took the same boomerang and cast it, holding it with the same grip. It took the same course, but made broader curves; and as it came round, the black caught it handsomely in his right hand.

Another native next threw it, and lodged it on the ground about twenty feet behind him, after it had described a circle of two hundred yards or upwards. After him they all tried it, and but one of them failed to bring the weapon back to the spot where they stood.

Carnboo, a native, then selected from the heap of boomerangs another one, and cast it with a sort of jerk. It flew very swiftly for forty or fifty yards, whirling like a top. Then it darted into the air, mounting fully a hundred feet, and came over our heads, where it seemed to hang stationary for a moment, then settled slowly, still whirling, till he caught it. Two others of the blacks then did the same thing.

Meanwhile I had with my knife shaved a little of the wood from the convex side of one of the boomerangs. This I now offered to one of them to throw. He took it, without noticing what I had done, poised it, but stopped short, and with a contemptuous glance at my improvement threw it down, exclaiming:

"*Bale budgery!*" (no good.)

The others then looked at it curiously, but it was a *bale budgery* also to them. Not one could be induced to throw it.

Myers asked them why they did not use it, but they could give no definite answer. It was plain that they did not use it, but they could give no definite answer. It was plain that they did not like the way it poised, when held in the hand; yet I could not distinguish any difference whatever between this and the other weapons.

Burleigh then walked to a distance of two hundred feet or more from the blacks and bid Carnboo throw to him. The native looked at him a moment rather curiously, then comprehending what was wanted, he selected one of the heaviest of the missiles, and turning half round, threw it with great force in a direction almost opposite from that where Burleigh stood.

The weapon sped smartly for sixty or seventy feet, then tacked in an instant, and flew directly at Burleigh, and had he not most expeditiously ducked, he would have received a hard thump, if nothing worse. It struck the ground twenty or thirty paces beyond. This feat brought out a broad grin, and something like a chuckle, from the whole of them. Carnboo even intimated that he would like to try another cast, but Burleigh expressed himself fully satisfied.

Mr. ——— (another of our party), however, offered to "take a shot," but not at too short range. We were standing in front of one of the store-houses. Carnboo placed ——— in front of the door, and stood with his back to him, with ———'s hand on his shoulder.

None of us knew what sort of a manœuvre he had in mind, not even Myers. Standing in this position, the black threw the boomerang straight ahead. Immediately it curved in the air. Then it disappeared around the right corner of the building, and before we had time to guess what was meant, came round from the other end (having passed completely around the store-house), and gave ——— a sounding rap on the back, which made his eyes snap.

WHAT ploughing, digging and harrowing are to the land, thinking, reflecting and examining are to the mind. Each has its proper culture; and, as the land that is suffered to lie waste and wild for a long time will be overspread with brushwood, brambles, thorns and weeds, which have neither use nor beauty, so there will not fail to sprout up in a neglected, uncultivated mind a number of prejudices and absurd opinions, which owe their origin partly to the soil itself, the passions and imperfections of the mind of man, and partly to those seeds which chance to be scattered in it by every kind of doctrine which the cunning of demagogues, the singularity of pedants, and the superstition of fools raise.

NEWS OF INTEREST

LOVERS will be pleased to learn that August will have two moons.

THE Shinpao newspaper of Shanghai prints choice pieces of news in blue ink.

ONLY one female was saved out of 103 lady passengers on board the ill-fated "Schiller," or of the 385 in all.

THERE are thirty-eight agricultural colleges in this country, employing altogether 389 professors and assistants, and instructing 3917 students.

THE Chinese have names which correspond in frequency with the Browns and Smiths of Anglo Saxon Christendom. Those most frequently occurring are Chin, Chang, Wang, Shin, which are the equivalents of "gold," "long," "prince," and "stone."

As an example of the enormous scale upon which the cultivation of fruit trees is carried on in the United States, it may be mentioned that a recent State return shows that, in 1873, 334,067 acres in Illinois alone were occupied by orchards; while, according to a Blue Book return, published a short time since, the orchards of Great Britain only covered 150,526 acres, being less than half the return for one American State.

THE audience at a French theatre is never troubled by tall hats worn by ladies. The following notice was posted up in a conspicuous position, and proved to be very effective: "The manager requests that all good-looking ladies will remove their hats for the accommodation of the rest of the audience. The aged, the bald and the plain are not expected to comply with this request."

THE Esquimaux fishers who fringe the Arctic sea-coast down to Kotzebue Sound adopt a somewhat curious and crafty method for killing the polar bear. The hunters bend pieces of stiff whalebone and freeze each into a ball of blubber; then they entice the bear to pursue them, dropping in his path the frozen balls, which he stops to swallow. When the blubber balls thaw, the whalebones spring open, and put an end to the hapless beast.

FRANCE now seems to be the reservoir into which the gold of the world is pouring. In the first three months of the present year the imports of the precious metals exceeded 350,000,000 francs, or seventy million dollars, and almost four-fifths of the whole was in gold coin or bullion. The sources of this supply were much more various than may be supposed, for much less than one-half was sent from England. The United States contributed about ten million dollars.

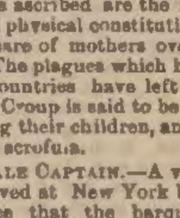
HERMAN, the perfume manufacturer of Cannes, uses annually one hundred and forty thousand pounds of rose leaves, thirty-two thousand pounds of jasmine flowers, twenty thousand pounds of violets, eight thousand pounds of tuberoses, and other perfume-laden flowers in like proportion. It is estimated that in the cities of Cannes and Nice over twenty tons of violets are consumed. Nice alone makes a yearly demand for one hundred and ninety tons of orange blossoms, and Cannes for one hundred and fifty tons of acacia flowers.

STATISTICS have been collected in France, Algeria and Prussia, by which it is shown that the Jewish Race has a mean average duration of life exceeding that of Christians by about five years, and that this people enjoy greater immunity from disease than Christian races. The causes ascribed are the inheritance of a sound physical constitution, and the watchful care of mothers over their offspring. The plagues which have visited various countries have left them unscathed. Croup is said to be extremely rare among their children, and they have very little scrofula.

A FEMALE CAPTAIN.—A vessel which lately arrived at New York brought the intelligence that the barque Rebecca Crowell, which left New York on March 6, for Buenos Ayres, became disabled during a severe gale three days after leaving New York. Several of the spars and sails were carried away, and the captain and first mate were injured to such an extent that they were confined to their berths throughout the rest of the voyage, and rendered incapable of managing the vessel. There was no other person on board, except the captain's wife, who understood navigation, and she undertook the task of conducting the barque to its point of destination. The second mate was a young man twenty years old, able to take the helm, but ignorant of the process of taking observations. The woman then assumed the command of the vessel, took observations, ascertained the latitude and longitude, maintained her place upon the bridge, and directed the course of the vessel. After exercising control for fifty-eight days, during which the vessel encountered violent gales and shipped heavy seas, the captain's wife, worn out and exhausted with her labors, conducted the vessel with its valuable cargo safely into the part of Buenos Ayres. A purse was made up for her on her arrival.

To Owners of Horses and Cattle.

TOBIAS' DERBY CONDITION POWDERS are warranted superior to any others, or no pay, for the cure of Distemper, Worms, Bots, Coughs, Hide-Bound, Colds, &c., in Horses; and Colds, Coughs, Loss of Milk, Black Tongue, Horn Distemper, &c., in Cattle. Price, Twenty-five Cents. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York.



Worthless Imitations

Of George W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" are in circulation. The unprecedented success and popularity so justly gained for this harmless and valuable toilet preparation have induced persons to counterfeit it. The genuine has the United States Internal Revenue Stamp engraved on the front label, and the name of G. W. Laird stamped in the glass on the back of each bottle. No other is genuine. Sold at all druggists and fancy goods dealers. Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

OBSERVATIONS ON

NASAL CATARRH.

An abstract from a forthcoming work on diseases of the throat and air-passages, by A. N. WILLIAMSON, M. D., late Clinical Physician in the University Medical College, New York City. Mailed to any address for 10 cents. Address the author, 28 East 20th street, N. Y.

Dr. WILLIAMSON'S great success in the treatment of Catarrh and throat and lung affections, renders valuable whatever comes from his pen."—*Journal of Medical Science.*

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Answers to all Inquirers.

"FACING IT."

In whatever social condition of life we may be born, in this world there is no escaping trouble. In degree only do difficulties differ, and though what is penury to one is affluence for another, what will give cause for the gravest anxiety in a sensitive temperament will scarcely raise the pulse in a harder and less nervous nature, there is no eluding the trials and the griefs which, by turns, beset the path of life. Sorrows and perplexities are more or less inseparable from the human lot; sooner or later we all have to meet them, and since this is so, the real point for us to keep in view is the way in which we shall bear ourselves when the time comes. On this head at least something is within our control: circumstances, with all our care, forethought, and judgment, may be beyond it, but our behavior when they are adverse may, at any rate, to a great extent, depend upon ourselves, and, so depending, may mightily influence the magnitude of the difficulty we are called upon to encounter.

Inevitable, however, the encounter will be, be sure of that, thus much is certain; and it signifies little, whether it has been long foreseen, or is entirely unexpected. "If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all!"

And the readiness! What is that (even considered in a less grave sense than that in which it is used in this case, by Shakespeare), but the showing of a brave front at all times, going forth, not truly to meet our troubles half way, when they arise, but to be ready to contend with them to face them, since they cannot be eluded? Shirking, shifting, dodging, will never avail you in the long-run; they only postpone the fatal time, and probably give the adverse fate many a chance of recruiting its forces, and entrenching its position, which it never would have had had you faced it fairly from the first. Shuffling and sidling away from it is of no use; you may delude yourself into the belief that you are acting courageously, but no one else believes it, and lookers-on at the battle give you no more credit for your behavior than if you had turned tail and fled at once. All such attempts at evasion are useless; there is no hope for your manhood or for the restoration of peace, except by "facing it."

Great sorrow, it may be, falls upon you, appearing by its first blows to crush all semblance of life out of you, and if you let it, it will; the trouble *will* overwhelm you unless you take advantage of the first sign of re-action, to look up with reverent submission, and "face it." You will be sorely wounded, and you will find each cut and gash gape anew as you bring your fair front up once more to the field, but you will not suffer in the end so much as if you had turned to fly. How says one of our greatest and most thoughtful novelists on this subject in all but the last page he ever penned?

"The world is a battle-field in which the worst wounded are the deserters, stricken as they seek to fly, and hushing the groans that would betray the secret of their inglorious hiding-place. The pain of wounds received in the thick of the fight is scarcely felt in the joy of service to some honored cause, and is amply atoned by the reverence for noble scars. Let then your choice be, not that of deserter, but of soldier in the ranks."

HURTFUL READING.

A bad book, magazine, or newspaper, is as dangerous to your child as a vicious companion, and will as surely corrupt his morals and lead him away from the paths of safety. Every parent should set this thought clearly before his mind, and ponder it well. Look to what your children read, and especially to the kind of papers that get into their hands, for there are now published scores of weekly papers, with attractive and sensuous illustrations, that are as hurtful to young and innocent souls as poison to a healthful body.

Many of these papers have attained large circulations, and are sowing broadcast the seeds of vice and crime. Trenching on the very borders of indecency, they corrupt the morals, taint the imagination, and allure the weak and unguarded from the paths of innocence. The danger to young persons from this cause was never so great as at this time; and every father and mother should be on guard against an enemy that is sure to meet their child.

Look to it, then, that your children are kept free as possible from this taint. Never bring in to your house a paper or periodical that is not strictly pure, and watch carefully lest any such get into the hands of your growing-up boys.

DO RIGHT.—Always dare to do right. If you have done wrong, to the extent of your power rectify it. It is a mere cowardice to shrink from repentance; it it the most sublime courage that speaks out in apology, that forgives while it is forgiven. Whatever is right, set about it at once. Manhood wins at last; but shrinking duty, not at all. Therefore, do right, even at a late day, for it is "better late than never."

OUR GOLD PREMIUMS.

SPECIAL OFFER TO AGENTS.

In the circular letter sent to agents and canvassers, as an incentive to and reward for extra exertion, three Premiums in gold coin were offered, as follows: "One hundred and twenty-five ($125.00) dollars in gold to the agent who sends the largest list; seventy-five ($75.00) dollars in gold to the agent who sends us the second largest list; twenty-five ($25.00) dollars in gold to the agent who sends us the third largest list, by the thirty-first (31st) day of March, 1875—notice of which will appear in the POST."

Pursuant to the above we now announce that the said Premiums have been awarded and duly paid, as follows:

1st Premium, $125.00 in gold coin, to
C. S. MURDOCK, Ridgeway P. O., Orleans County, New York.

2d Premium, $75.00 in gold coin, to
J. W. BRIGGS, Postmaster, West Macedon, Wayne Co., N. Y.

3d Premium, $25.00 in gold coin, to
C. W. BENNETT, Quincy, Branch Co., Mich.

So satisfactory have been the results of our previous offer, we have determined to renew, increase and extend the same, believing that some additional incentive and reward should be given to those who labor in our behalf. The coming season promises better results, and we trust all our friends will continue their efforts, and as a reward for *extra* exertion, we now make the following offer, viz:

For the largest list,		$100.00	in gold coin.
" second	"	50.00	"
" third	"	20.00	"
" fourth	"	15.00	"
" fifth	"	10.00	"
" sixth	"	10.00	"
" seventh	"	10.00	"
" eighth	"	10.00	"
" ninth	"	10.00	"
" tenth	"	10.00	"
" eleventh		10.00	"
" twelfth	"	5.00	"
" thirteenth		5.00	"
" fourteenth		5.00	"
" fifteenth		5.00	"
" sixteenth		5.00	"
" seventeenth		5.00	"
" eighteenth		5.00	"
" nineteenth		5.00	"
" twentieth		5.00	"

In addition to the above splendid offer, we will pay active agents a very liberal *cash* commission on each and every subscription they take. SEND FOR OUR SPECIAL CIRCULAR.

Each agent is credited on our books with the name and number of every certificate issued.

Lists will close on the thirtieth day of September, 1875. Commence now and work up your clubs. No time to be lost if you wish to succeed. Specimen copies sent free on application.

"The POST is the *oldest*, *best* and *cheapest* Literary and Family paper in the United States."

KEEP OUT OF DEBT.

Half the perplexity, annoyance and trouble that men have in this world is in consequence of getting into debt. It seems to be natural for some people to buy and incur obligations without measure, so long as they can avoid paying away ready cash. Give one of this sort a chance to buy on credit, and the question of payments are matters that he cares but little about. But what a crop of trouble springs up from the seed of debt. How many gray hairs it brings, and how often it shortens life; sometimes leading men to commit suicide or murder. And yet how easy it is to keep clear of this terrible monster. Every young man should form a fixed and unalterable determination, before commencing his active business career, not to incur one penny of indebtedness under any circumstances. Never buy anything unless you have the money to pay for it at once. Pay no attention to the "rare chances," "splendid opportunities," "bargains," and the like. Such are only traps set to catch victims. If you see anything that you would like to accept, look first at your money pile, and make the answer depend on that. Always pay as you go. If you are short of money, guage your demands accordingly.

How often do we try, and persevere in trying, to make a sort of neat show of outer good qualities, without anything within to correspond, just as children will plant blossoms without any roots in the ground, to make a pretty show for the hour! We find fault in our lives, and we cut off the weed, but we do not root it up; but we find something wanting in ourselves, and we supply it, not by sowing the divine seed of heavenly principles, but by copying the deeds that the principle ought to produce.

WAYS OF THE WORLD.—The ways of the world are strange and devious. Yet there is great good in it, for "a touch of misfortune maketh all mankind kin." Many a man deeply engrossed in business, hurrying along the pathway of life, absorbed in worldly cares, turns now and then aside for retrospection and kindly acts. And these are the flowers he strews along the highway of his earthly existence.

DEEP learning will make you acceptable to the learned, but it is only an easy and obliging behavior, and entertaining conversation that will make you agreeable in all companies.

THE habit of being always employed is a great safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of every virtue.

THE JOY WREATH.

BY CATHARINE FILER-WENTWORTH.

Bind me no crown of laurel leaves,
No fame wreath of the bay;
All tired of life, its trials, strife,
Sick, sad, I turn away.
For—Oh! my heart is sore
With hopeless longing and with pain!
All things of earth are vain;
And I can sing no more
Forever and forever!

O, roses for the youthful brow,
Red blooms of hope and light,
And myrtle for the well-belov'd—
Joy for me to-night.
For—Oh! my heart is sore
And moans all bitterly in pain:
Yet is its moaning vain:
That lost comes back no more
Forever and forever!

Crown me with wreath of withered leaves,
Of dead leaves sere and gray;
From all the happiness on earth,
Sick, sad, I turn away.
For—Oh! my heart is sore!
Your laughter light and living vain
Accord not with the pain
That shrouds my spirit o'er.
Forever and forever!

ANCHOR WATCH YARNS.

THE SMUGGLER'S LAST TRIP.

The First Lieutenant's Story.

BY LIEUT. H. D. SMITH, U. S. R. M.

The round full moon floated like a huge globe of silver through the cloudless ether, myriads of bright, gleaming stars studded the heavens, reflected back by the clear, mirror-like surface, unruffled by a breath of air, and scarcely disturbed by the graceful hull of the United States Revenue cutter Dolphin, as she swung gently to and fro to her best bower.

Eight bells (eight o'clock P. M.) had just rang out on the sharp, crispy air, mingled with the shrill chirp of the boatswain's call as he summoned the anchor watch on deck.

At the same moment the young, active commander entered the wardroom of the Dolphin, leaving the folding doors of the cabin open, and saluting the officers who rose respectfully, said:

"Now, gentlemen, for one of our anchor watch yarns. Come, pilot, stow old Beach away for the present, and listen to the first lieutenant, who is to entertain us this evening. We will all contribute our share, and although we may lack the grace and eloquence of Scheherazade, still I flatter myself our "yarns" will not be lacking in interest. Now, Mr. Murden, we are ready."

"I will do my best, sir," responded the first "luff," a tall, fine-looking officer; and, as he was not much given to hesitation at any time, he "filled away," as he expressed it, at once.

You all remember the old "Jefferson," what a fine, weatherly craft she was? Well, it was on her quarterdeck I first made my *debut*. It was January, and, of course, the vessel was under winter cruising orders, with instructions to enter port once a month for supplies. Pleasant, very, for the married gentlemen of the mess, and, of course, growls both loud and deep resounded through the wardroom at the strict matter of fact interpretation placed upon the red taped document by old Captain ——.

It was the first of the month, and the old gentleman who had gone to the custom house to see about the crew being paid off was reported by the quartermaster as returning in a great hurry.

"Where is my executive officer? Where is my first lieutenant?" he gasped, as he ascended the gangway, panting from the violence of his exertions.

"I am here, sir," replied that unfortunate individual.

"Ah! I beg your pardon, sir; did not see you, sir; increasing responsibility and the infirmities of old age are beginning to tell upon me."

"Better resign, while in the humor," grumbled some one, under his breath.

"Get under way, sir; get under way, sir, without delay," continued the captain, as he toddled aft.

"But our pay, sir, and supplies are——"

"Never mind, sir. Carry out my orders, if you please."

And, without favoring his beloved lieutenants with the slightest intimation of his plans, he retired to his narrow, comfortable cabin, the faces of the married men visibly elongated. I was not spliced then, but I felt for my shipmates who had been absent from their wives and little ones for nearly a month. Periling their lives, battling with the elements, exposed to hardships and dangers on a bleak, rugged coast, they met with but poor encouragement to make light work of their duties, which can be accomplished by combining sound common sense with a seaman's good judgment. I might add, that some little attention to the comforts and happiness of the juniors and crew will produce a well-disciplined and united ship's company.

Under the four lower sails we bowled along, the first luff having received instructions to shape a course for a long and dangerous reef, lying exposed to the full sweep of the ocean, known as Roaring Bull.

At sundown the weather looked decidedly dirty, the barometer was falling, while a chop sea rendered it all but impossible to keep on one's feet. At eight bells we had the mainsail double reefed, bonnet out of the foresail and of the jib. The wind was abeam, enabling us to lay our course, with the rocky coast under our lee.

During the first watch the gale increased rapidly, the wind hauled a point or so abaft the beam, and the heavy seas, striking the forechannels, was thrown aft with violence over the quarterdeck and waist of the cutter as she labored through the agitated sea. We were to heave to off the reef, and keep a good lookout for a schooner painted white, with a stump for topmast, and a long maintopmast stayed well forward. It had come out she was from Bordeaux, with a cargo of silks and knick-knacks, which, of course, in a measure, stifled our wrath.

We were well to windward of the reef, and as daylight dawned the clouds were rapidly clearing away, and, as the gale had lulled, we gradually made sail. As the sun slid above the line of the tumultuous swell, a foretopman, who had been sent aloft for the purpose, sang out:

"Sail, ho!"

"Where away?" demanded the officer of the deck.

"Right ahead, sir, and edging in for the land."

All hands were called. Each man stood by his station, a quartermaster took the wheel, and we were soon in full chase of the stranger, who kept edging in shore of us. As we neared the craft, every available glass in the ship was directed towards her, and the white hull and long topmast were too conspicuous to be mistaken.

Our prize was before us!

The fact was duly reported to Captain ——, who shook so with excitement as to be unable to get on deck. "Don't you let her get away, sir, mind what I tell you, sir. Clear away the pivot, sir, if necessary, but don't sink her, sir," and the first luff repaired on deck determined to use his own judgment in overhauling the Frenchman.

The white schooner was about four miles ahead of us, in shore, and heading well up for the reef. Of course we were close hauled, and both vessels plunging along under a press of canvas. The Frenchman had scented danger, our lofty spars, peculiar rig, and black-rakish hull having given him warning as to our true character.

The huge seas rolled in over our bows with the force of a cataract, sweeping the deck in their mad career, and compelling the men to reeve life lines in order to save themselves from being washed overboard.

Double sheets had been hooked on, the weather rigging was taut as harp strings, and with our lee hammock rail at times under water we tore along at a terrible rate. The seams opened, the old lady creaked and trembled, complaining bitterly in every timber and joint, but the owners were rich, and our business was pressing.

I was standing by the break of the house, and overheard the pilot say to the first luff:

"We are rapidly closing in on Roaring Bull. It makes up to windward of us all of two points, and every mile we run increases our danger."

"The orders are to take that schooner and not let her escape. She *shall* not escape if I can help it, and if I cannot take her I'll run her high and dry on the reef."

"But, sir, our own vessel will be in danger," remonstrated the pilot.

"I cannot help it. I have had no instructions to keep her out of danger. But my orders relative to that prize I thoroughly understand, and I shall perform my duty so long as two planks of this craft stick together."

"Then God have mercy on us," responded the old seaman, as he returned to his post of duty.

I began to imagine that my bran new uniform would stand a chance to lose a portion of its lustre, and the owner possibly the number of his mess, but I said nothing, although I kicked up a big thinking as to the executive officer's ideas of duty.

Our craft was so sharp that instead of riding over the combers, we dashed boldly through, throwing, dashing vast quantities of the salt brine on either side, and carrying off the balance on our deck. It was as lively a chase, gentlemen, as I ever participated in, and our exultation was beyond description when we found we were rapidly closing with the schooner.

My enthusiasm was somewhat damped, however, by a squint I took ahead, and to windward. There was the rough, rugged reef, the large, steep rocks rearing their jagged sides from the black, boiling waters. The summits were wreathed with crests of foam, as the wild seas lashed to fury rushed with tremendous force against the barrier. Cascades of water and spray poured continuously from the numerous cracks and crevices in the sides of the rocks, and above all was heard the deep, warning roar of the Roaring Bull.

Standing by the weather main rigging was the first lieutenant, his features stern and immovable as though carved from granite. Shading his eyes from the driving, cutting spray he watched narrowly the white schooner, apparently ignoring the fact of the reef.

"Clear away the pivot gun!" he suddenly shouted. "Be careful, sir, and don't let it get the upper hand of you."

"Ay, ay, sir!" roared the second lieutenant, as he summoned the crew with the gunner at their head to perform the duty.

The men had to work with extreme caution, it requiring considerable skill to keep their footing in addition to casting loose the heavy gun, and letting down the bow ports. But the officer in charge of the division was equal to the emergency, and acquitted himself with credit.

The pivot was loaded with a solid shot, carefully trained by the captain of the gun, and as the order was passed along to fire, he watched the roll for a moment and pulled the lock-string with a sudden jerk. I watched the result with interest, and a stifled cheer burst from our lips as we saw the Frenchman's topmast tumble about their ears, followed by the huge mainsail which came down by the run. A flush of gratified pride shot across the seaman's weather-beaten features at the success of his skill, and with a softened expression he patted the breech of his huge pet.

The Frenchmen were evidently demoralized, and uncertain how to proceed in the multitude of dangers which hemmed them in. Their hesitation proved fatal to them, poor fellows, and they deserved a better fate. An attempt was made to set the mainsail, but with a loud report it was blown clear from the bolt-ropes. Under the influence of the head-sail the schooner paid off before the wind, dashed forward, and in another moment was enveloped in the fatal feathery foam of the breakers.

We thought of their peril, their agony and the fearful death that threatened us both, but were powerless to render the slightest assistance.

I caught a glimpse of the schooner as the order was passed for "Stations for stays," and a shudder of horror ran through my veins. Her masts had snapped short off, portions of the hull had given way before the fierce blows of the surf, and the cruel, remorseless waves had torn huge rents through her stout timbers. Not a human being was visible; whether the crew had been swept away, swallowed up by the rapacious waves, or ground to pieces on the rocks, are questions that the Powers aloft alone can answer.

"I have performed my duty," muttered the first luff, as the Jefferson filled away on the opposite tack; "and now we must try and save ourselves. But first I will report to Captain —— that the prize has not escaped."

Before leaving the deck he beckoned the second lieutenant aft, gave him his orders, and walked to the captain's cabin. The particulars of that interview I never learned, but will say here that we lost our executive soon after, he being detached and ordered south at his own request.

The pivot was run in and secured, a quartermaster placed at the wheel, and the Jefferson continued her struggle, no longer for gain or for duty, but for life. The reef extended far up to windward, and the shoal point stretched out beyond the rocks. Our craft had all she could stagger under, and such clawing off shore I never witnessed before or since, and I have been round this globe considerable during my life.

The roaring of the seas on the rocks, with the howling of the wind was awful, but the sight was more dreadful than the noise. For a moment or two I shut my eyes, but anxiety forced me to open them again. We were in the midst of the foam, and the extreme point of danger was not certainly over twenty yards distant.

A few moments more the Jefferson dragged on, the sails shaking and shivering in the wind. A tremendous sea deluged us fore and aft, breaking in the ward-room door and flooding the whole after portion of the vessel.

It was the last spiteful effort of the thwarted ocean. We had escaped its tender mercies, and Roaring Bull, with its train of horrors, was weathered at last.

Many a silent prayer ascended to the throne of grace from lips that seldom sought Divine aid, but the Great Protecting Hand of the mighty Admiral had been too apparent even to the most hardened.

We returned to headquarters, the vessel leaking badly, and soon after old Captain —— was relieved of his command, and the Jefferson sold out of the service. The remainder of us were scattered about, but I'll venture to say, that none of us who participated in that chase will ever forget the French smuggler. Gentleman, my yarn is spun out.

All were unanimous in the opinion that the first luff had acquitted himself with credit in the story line, and as the captain rose to retire to his cabin he said, "We'll broach the third lieutenant for to-morrow night, and see what he has in store for us. But the hour waxeth late, and our friend there with his heels higher than his head will require the remainder of the time for sleep, preparatory to a cooling watch on deck. Good night;" and soon after deep silence reigned in the ward-room, unbroken save by the ceaseless tramp of the watchful officer of the deck.

AN AFFECTIONATE DAUGHTER.

General Lajolais had been condemned to death for treason against Napoleon the Great. He had an only daughter, fourteen years of age, who was remarkably beautiful. The poor child was in a state of fearful agony in view of the fate of her father. One morning, without communicating her intentions to any one, she set out alone and on foot for St. Cloud. Presenting herself before the gate of the palace, by her youth, her beauty, her tears, and her woe, she persuaded the keeper, a kind-hearted man, to introduce her to the apartment of the Empress Josephine and Hortense.

Napoleon had said to Josephine that she must not any more expose him to the pain of seeing the relatives of the condemned; that if any petitions were to be offered, they must be presented in writing. Josephine and Hortense were, however, so deeply moved by the anguish of the distracted child, that they contrived to introduce her to the presence of Napoleon as he was passing through one of the apartments of the palace, accompanied by several of his prime ministers.

The fragile child, in a delirium of emotion, rushed before him, precipitated herself at his feet, and exclaimed:

"Pardon, sire—pardon for my father!"

Napoleon, surprised at this sudden apparition, exclaimed in displeasure:

"I have said that I wish for no such scenes. Who has dared to introduce you here, in disregard of my prohibition? Leave me, mademoiselle."

So saying, he turned to pass from her.

But the child threw her arms around his knees, and with her eyes suffused with tears, and agony depicted in every feature of her beautiful, upturned face, exclaimed:

"Pardon! pardon! pardon! it is for my father!"

"And who is your father?" said Napoleon, kindly. "Who are you?"

"I am Mademoiselle Lajolais," she replied; "and my father is doomed to die."

Napoleon hesitated for a moment, and then exclaimed:

"Ah! but this is the second time in which your father has conspired against the State. I can do nothing for you."

"Alas, sire!" the poor child exclaimed, with great simplicity, "I know it; but the first time papa was innocent; and to-day I do not ask for justice—I implore pardon, pardon for him!"

Napoleon was deeply moved. His lip trembled, tears filled his eyes, and, taking the little hand of the child in both of his own, he tenderly pressed it, and said:

"Well, my child—yes! For your sake I will forgive your father. This is enough. Now rise and leave me."

At these words the suppliant fainted, and fell lifeless upon the floor. She was conveyed to the apartment of Josephine, where she soon revived, and, though in a state of extreme exhaustion, proceeded immediately to Paris. M. Lavalette, then aid-de-camp of Napoleon, and his wife, accompanied her to the Conciergerie prison, with the joyful tidings. When she arrived in the gloomy cell where her father was immured, she threw herself upon his neck, and her convulsive sobbings, for a time, stifled all possible powers of utterance. Suddenly her frame became convulsed, her eyes fixed, and she fell in entire unconsciousness into the arms of Madame Lavalette. When she revived, reason had fled, and the affectionate daughter was a hopeless maniac!

Napoleon, in the evening, was informed of this new calamity. He dropped his head in silence, mused painfully, brushed a tear from his eye, and was heard to murmur, in a low tone of voice:

"Poor child! poor child! A father who has such a daughter is still more culpable. I will take care of her and of her mother."

BE BRAVE.—Be brave, always. Misfortune, sorrow and obstacles call for all the courage of humanity. To be brave is to be beneficial; it is in time of trouble that we most need courage, for by it we not only strengthen ourselves, but can help others. The dross of the metal is always eliminated by the fire through which it passes. So should sorrow purify us, and yet strengthen us; they are the bravest hearts who go to the front.

NEWS AND NONSENSE.

BY B. DADD.

"A cool dodge"—Dodging your ice man when he calls around for the last month's bill.

Christian Schlegelwelchmacher fell off a train on the Pennsylvania Railroad last week and was seriously injured; but it is to be regretted that his last name was not run over and cut into several pieces.

The alarming news comes from Indianapolis that Bologna sausage has advanced two cents a pound, and is still going up. This startling report indicates that last season's dog crops in Indianapolis was much below the average—destroyed by the grasshoppers or buffalo gnats, no doubt.

A Camden woman was overheard telling her next door neighbor, on Saturday, that her household duties absorbed so much of her time that she couldn't go anywhere, and if her husband "didn't get her a servant or two she really didn't see how she would ever get time to go to her own funeral."

High board fences dividing neighbors' yards should always be garnished with a knot-hole or two. When a woman wants to ascertain what is going on in the next yard, it is so much more satisfactory, and less hazardous, to peep through a knot-hole than to climb upon an old barrel to look over the fence.

Bonnets have a more upward tendency than usual this season. Railroad companies whose lines run to the summer resorts, are having roofless cars built for the accommodation of the present style of female head gear. Upon nearing a bridge or a tunnel, a signal will be given for ladies to duck their heads to prevent their bonnets and hats being knocked off.

Another old relic has just came to light. "A Florida man has got a stone that Washington threw at a woodpecker on his father's cherry tree." But the centennial celebration of that stone had better be deferred for a few weeks. Some enterprising chap will, doubtless, soon discover the woodpecker at which the stone was thrown, and both celebrations can be held at the same time and place.

The American Medical Association, recently in session at Louisville, adopted a resolution requesting the chief signal officer "to make daily reports of the amount of azone in the atmosphere." And we hope that officer will heed their request. Lots of men, when they start out in the morning, just after breakfast, feel sort o' discouraged and unfit for work, just because they don't know whether the atmosphere contains two quarts or two bushels of azone.

Rev. Sydney Smith says there should be "a certain amount of shyness when a kiss is proposed, but it should not be too long"—the shyness, not the kiss—"and when the fair one gives it let there be soul in it. She should be careful not to slobber a kiss, but give it as a humming bird runs its bill into a honeysuckle—deep, but delicate." Just so. And if any of the fair readers of the POST desire to master the osculatory process according to Smith, in forty-two easy lessons, we can give them the address of a subject to practice on—a young man who is willing to make great sacrifices in the interest of social science. And his terms are ridiculously low, too.

A SCIENTIFIC FALLACY EXPOSED.

The St. Louis *Republican* says: It was reserved for a boy out on Olive street to produce a new act to the old and oft-repeated drama of 'A Dog with Something Tied to His Tail.' It wasn't any old oyster-can or split stick affair, but something entirely new. The dog, which was a little black-and-tan terrier, with an aristocratic air, was following a lady, and the boy was idling along the street with a red toy-balloon which he was holding by a string. It was a very large balloon, as large as those toy-balloons ever grow. The lady passed the boy and turned the corner. The dog came trotting along and was about to pass the boy also, when the urchin, impelled by a spirit of evil, grabbed him. Then, still further instigated by the devil and curiosity, the boy tied the end of the string in his hand firmly about the dog's tail, about two inches from the end, and let go. The animal started off with a yelp to rejoin its mistress, but it didn't regain her all at once. The balloon straightened out the tail in an instant so that it pointed toward the zenith with a kind of 'excelsior' expression, and the dog's motions carried out the idea perfectly. The wind freshened up a little, and the dog's hind feet were lifted off the ground, and then began a series of remarkable but ineffective movements on the part of the animal. It didn't seem to be a trained dog, but it turned somersaults and stood on its fore feet and sung little snatches of song as never any circus dog in the world did. It would make the most tremendous leaps and land exactly in the spot it jumped from, and then it would settle down to work with its fore legs and ply them at the rate of two million revolutions a minute, and get over the ground in a manner that couldn't have been supposed under the circumstances. The circumstances were peculiar, though, and the dog didn't, during the entire play, get beyond the block. The red balloon soared with all the persistency of a Columbian orator's hyperbole, and the terrier's tail refused to break. Then the dog got desperate and bounded and struggled and vaulted while the big balloon in the air bobbed up and down like the cork on the line of a giant fishing for whales. And all the while the animal sang. Finally the string broke, and the balloon shot up toward the clouds. The dog disappeared at the same time, though the boy noticed something like a black and tan streak reaching for seventeen blocks, which lasted for a moment only. The performance, as a whole, had been a success, but it left a bad impression on the boy's mind. He concluded that his schoolmaster must be a fool. He had been taught that a body impelled by two forces operating at right angles to each other would take an intermediate course. He had just seen that such a body didn't get along at all.

NOTHING can be a real pleasure or cure to the human soul but what is made by its own approbation.

PHIL McCARTY AND THE FAIRIES.

[Concluded.]

Nothing could be prettier or neater than the one hundred pairs of satin slippers which Oberro, the little shoemaker, had finished.

They were neatly folded up in a piece of blue silk, when Phil, putting the bundle under his arm, started for the glen.

He had scarcely arrived at the place of meeting, when Robin emerged from the bushes.

"I like your promptness," said Robin. "I trust I may like your work as well. Where is it?"

Phil handed him the package, saying:

"Here it is, plase your riv—honor I mane—all the pains an' aches in the world have been taken wid it."

Robin unfolded the cloth, and as he carefully inspected each piece of the work, his eye beamed with satisfaction. Turning to Phil, he said:

"You are an honest man, and your skill is not an idle boast. Surely, Oberro, the elf, could not have done it better. But I must have just as much more by this day week. Here is the material, and here is a hundred guineas for the work you have done. Be punctual, and meet me here this day week."

Phil was just going to utter his thanks and explain when Robin disappeared.

The week passed away as the former. Night and day the hammer of the little shoemaker kept on with its tap, tap, tap.

The last pair of slippers were finished, and folded as before, when Phil again started for the fairy glen.

The work was inspected by Robin, who was so much pleased with it, that this time he gave Phil two hundred guineas.

"Now," said Robin, "you have a stony-hearted landlord——"

"Stoneheart!" ejaculated Phil.

"Stoneheart," continued Robin, "is his name, but stony heart is his nature. We fairies name things according to their properties. Take my advice. Propose to purchase from him the place where you live. Be sure he will ask you enough. But give him his price, whatever it be, and come to me for the money. Take this whistle, and when you want me, blow on it three times and I will come. I want a bit of sport with the old curmudgeon."

Phil received the little silver whistle, and promised to do as directed.

Well, time rolled on. Another month's rent was due, but it gave Phil no concern now, for he had gold and to spare.

When old Stoneheart called for his rent, he saw at a glance the increased comforts with which Phil had stored his humble dwelling, and remarked:

"I see business has been prosperous wid ye. I trust yo have me rint ready?"

"That I have Mr. Stoneheart, in as good hard silver as was ever coined."

After Phil had paid him his rent, he said:

"I have a foolish notion in me head, Mr. Stoneheart. I have been thinking that, if I could borrow the money from some good friend, what would ye be after taken for this same house where I live, and the premises adjoining?"

After studying a few moments, Stoneheart replied, "I will take one hundred guineas," this being double its value. Not wishing to sell, he thought he would ask a price which would be out of the shoemaker's reach; but, at the same time, if he could raise it, would leave himself on the safe side. When, therefore, Phil said "I will give it, and Mike O'Brian"—who had just entered—"is witness," he was taken aback, and regretted that he had not asked two hundred guineas. But there was no backing out now, nor could he advance the price, as the bargain had been made in the presence of a witness.

While he went to draw up the deed, Phil stole out the back way and hastened to the fairy glen. He blew three times on his whistle and Robin appeared.

"Well, what can I do for you now?" inquired Robin.

"Mr. Stoneheart," said Phil, "will take one hundred guineas for the house and premises where I live."

"So," said Robin, "and you want the hundred guineas. Wait till I return."

Saying this he disappeared. In about a quarter of an hour he returned with the money tied up in a little bag. "Here it is," said he; "pay him with this."

Shortly after Phil reached home, Stoneheart entered with his deed. Phil counted him out his money, which the miser, clutching with avidity, hastened to his den.

In the cellar of his stronghold was an iron chest, built in the stone work, where the miser kept his treasure. To this place he hastened to deposit his gold.

But what was his surprise and horror, when, on putting his hand into his greasy side pocket, to find no gold there. Had he lost it on the way? How could that be? What had become of it? He turned his pocket inside out to assure himself it was not there. He clapped his hands on his sides and felt himself all over with the vain hope of finding it. When satisfied that his gold was gone, he broke out into a string of horrifying curses.

As he turned to leave the cellar to search for it, he heard a low chuckle. His first impression was that robbers had broken into his house. He searched every nook and corner from garret to cellar, but could find nothing; only wherever he went he heard the same taunting laugh. He was afraid now to leave his house. Night and day he kept watch over his bags of gold and silver. Days and weeks passed, during which he had not been seen. His house remained barred and bolted.

It was at length broken open by the officers of the law, when he was found in the cellar, cold and dead, with his hands tightly griped upon his money bags.

There was a mystery connected with the gold which no one could unravel; but Phil suspected strongly it was one of the tricks of Robin Goodfellow.

Meanwhile, Oberro, Phil's little shoemaker, applied himself in his dark chamber to making and mending boots and shoes, so that Phil's fame as a superior workman was now spread all over the country. Great lords and ladies sent him their measure, and by this means his name and skill were even brought before the king.

Princess Colamba was engaged to be married to the King of Ulster. She sent a Court messenger to Phil, ordering him to make her a pair of slippers for the occasion, which, both in material and finish, were to surpass anything that had ever been made. But Phil was in trouble; she had not sent her measure.

"Never mind," said the little elf, "I will slip up to-night and get it while she is asleep."

Phil called on Robin once more, and implored his assistance in procuring the material. He set all the fairies to work spinning and weaving, and embroidering the gorgeous satin which was to compose the slippers. Oberro exerted all his skill in making them. When they were finished, Phil viewed them with speechless delight. Nothing could be more beautiful. The tiny flowers with which they were ornamented, were set on stems composed of small pearls; the leaves were of emeralds; the flowers were made up of variegated gems, the petals of which were sparkling rubies; while the fastenings were composed of six brilliants set in ouches of gold.

Phil would not trust the slippers in the hands of a messenger. Donning, therefore, his best apparel, he went to Court himself. It was before the days of cards, so Phil sent word by a servant to Princess Calambo, that he had brought her wedding slippers. This gained him admittance. When she had taken off the wrapper in which they were inclosed, and exposed them to view, she, and the ladies of the Court, exclaimed in astonished delight, that never before had such beautiful slippers been seen.

She paid him his price, two thousand guineas, and thought them cheap.

"Now," said the elf, "your fortune is made, please let me go."

"On two conditions," replied Phil. "The first is that you will teach me your art of shoemaking."

"That will require a great sacrifice," rejoined Oberro, "as I must part with my lamp, which needs neither oil nor trimming, and the light of which does not injure the eyes."

Saying this, he pulled a diamond out of his bosom, large as an orange, which instantly filled the room with light. "This," he continued, "is worth more than a kingdom. At your death it must revert to the fairies. But before I can teach you my art, you must promise never to teach it to any one else."

"I promise," said Phil.

"Well, what is the second condition?" demanded the elf.

"That you will assist me, if I have need of your services," replied Phil.

"Here is a ring," rejoined Oberro; "when you want me, put it on your finger, and turn it three times and I will come."

Phil was then instructed in the fairy art of shoemaking, when, handing the elf his red cap, he disappeared in a moment.

Phil had learned that riches prove a blessing only when they are rightly used; and that they become a curse when sought for their own sake.

ORDER is a lovely nymph, the child of Beauty and Wisdom; her attendants are Comfort, Neatness, and Activity; her abode is the Valley of Happiness. She is always to be found when sought for, and never appears so lovely as when contrasted with her opponent — Disorder.

GOLD is the fool's curtain, which hides all his defects from the world.

A RAILWAY UP MOUNT VESUVIUS.

"Now then for the crater! Who's going up Vesuvius?"

A few centuries before the Christian era, a Greek philosopher named Empedocles, who was tired of life, flung himself into the crater of Mount Etna, hoping, it is said, that people would assume that he was a god. Lucian long afterwards told how the crater tossed up his sandals in order to defeat his presumption. Now one of these stories is as good as the other, that is to say, both stories are false.

But one thing is clear, that tales of this kind will in a short time become impossibly absurd. There will shortly be policemen in attendance at the craters of burning mountains, and philosophers and others, if any attempt to fling themselves down, will be taken up for a breach of civilized law.

There is to be a traction line up Vesuvius, at all events. At Buda, and near Vienna, rope-traction engines have been for years in use for carrying passengers up very steep inclines, and models have latterly been under examination at Rome with a view to the ascent of Mount Vesuvius. At Vienna and at Buda very severe test experiments were made, and it was found that, even in the case of the traction-cord being cut, the carriages would be effectually stopped by means of the powerful brakes, catches or cogs in use on such lines.

Up to the very foot of the mountain it is proposed to construct an ordinary locomotive line. The rope-traction line will then commence and continue the communication up to the summit. The topmost station will be vaulted over with a roof built of lava, and it will be so constructed that any lava thrown out by the crater will be turned off at the sides. The rapidity of the incline will prevent the lava from getting hardened and heaped up in one place, and any damage that may accrue will only be small—a little injury to the permanent way can be repaired at small cost.

The observatory on Vesuvius will be in telegraphic communication with the topmost station, and from that point information can be forwarded of anything that may happen calling for repairs either of the line or the rolling stock. The experience of many years shows that great eruptions are rare, and besides, several insurance companies have already offered to indemnify this new railway company at a moderate rate of premium.

Our engraving shows the course of the proposed line and various stations. It is hoped that that portion of the line which will lead from the station at the top right-hand corner of the picture will be opened for public traffic early next year.

There are two ways of looking at all such matters. One is that which rejoices in the triumphs of our glorious modern civilization. The other is that which might be expressed in John Willett's injunction to Cobb the pertinacious: "You let the moon alone, and the moon will let you alone." The reader can choose between the two. But what a difference a century makes—nay, half a century! Voltaire and Goethe were both very much upset in their theology by the great earthquake at Lisbon, the one by the fact, the other by the story of it. Now, if they were alive now, they might possibly be looking forward to the not very distant abolition of earthquakes.

SIMON GIRTY,
THE RENEGADE.

An Historical Tale of the Border.

By CHARLES McKNIGHT, Esq.,
Author of "Old Fort Du Quesne."

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

A STRANGE CHIEF ALARMS THE FORT.

While all these stirring events were in progress, Captain Brady remained at Colonel Zane's house convalescing from his wound. At any other time an enforced absence from a border incursion would have greatly chafed his adventurous spirit, but now he had been much consoled by the society and attentions of Drusilla. Indeed, all three of the girls had, in gratitude for his services in their behalf, done their utmost to make his time pass agreeably.

They had succeeded, too, marvellously well, and now he was spending his last night among the hospitable people of Fort Henry. He was to start next day with his old friend, Killbuck, for Fort Pitt, first escorting Drusilla to her home on Short Creek, and they had just returned from a delightful horseback ride through the woods, and were sitting on the bluff at the southern end of the fort, gazing out upon the river and all the charming surroundings.

It was just in the gloaming of the "cowled and dusky-sandaled eve," when the shadows were deepening and stealing over the landscape with all their weird and magical witcheries. It was a scene of bewildering grace and beauty, rendered more solemn and impressive to "two souls with but a single sigh; two hearts that beat as one," by the holy hush of all nature.

The twain were affianced lovers, and their spirits were closely *en rapport* with the passive scene. Brady had just taken his partner's hand, and was pouring into her willing ear some of the soft whisperings of his overflowing affection, when, all at once, from the margin of the woods close by, and just on the declivity of the hill on which stood the fort, there came the sharp crack of a rifle, immediately followed by a shrill and frightful war-whoop, or rather a quick series of them.

The two sprang to their feet on the instant. Brady looked in the direction of the clamor, and saw the head and body of a painted and tufted Indian, partly concealed behind the trunk of a huge oak, and apparently tossing his arms wildly to and fro, as if signaling to his followers. The head of another Indian could be indistinctly observed behind, as if skulking among the bushes. How many more there were in the rear God only knew.

Brady was without arms. Indian attacks were now daily expected on the border, and there had been for a day or two a greatly increased watchfulness. The scout hastily caught the hand of the terror-stricken Drusilla and dragged her along to the open sally port of the fort, which was closed and barred behind them.

There was an immediate commotion in the fort. The great gates were shut with a bang. Those inside rushed for their rifles and leaped, with shouts of defiance, to their stations in the bastion and behind the portholes. Those who were in the straggling village of cabins around Zane's house hurriedly flitted to the chief gate at the eastern side, and found refuge within the stockade.

It was evidently a complete surprise, and there was general confusion. The Indian leader now stepped boldly from behind his tree, and gave another terrific whoop, and then jumped up and down as if hugely delighted at the lively sensation he was creating. He was, so far as could be judged, a chief of large proportions, his face heavily barred with paint, and a remarkably stiff and bristling war crest on his head.

"That seems a deuced queer war-whoop, Brady," remarked Captain Boggs, who had just manned all the portholes on that side. "I'm pretty well to home on this border, but never heard a yell quite so loud and brassy. Don't seem to be any mad in it."

"It *is* a most remarkable yell," answered Brady, quietly, now recovered from his flurry on Drusilla's account, but still standing by her side. "The cursed yellow-hide must be either drunk or a crack-brained fool to so brave a whole tier of border rifles. Try him with a ball or two."

"Waal," replied Boggs, "I'm beat. It isn't Injun ways, nohow. Ef he isn't a decoy, he's crazy. Halloo! Kerr, some six or seven of you go around to the opposite end of the stockade, and keep a sharp lookout. I expect a rush on *that* side. And now, boys, toss him a plumper or two to make him show his true colors."

No sooner said than done. The big redskin was now pretty well behind his tree, giving an occasional jerky, spasmodic yell, but the bulkiest part of his frame protruded somewhat, and a shower of bullets flew about, scattering the bark in all directions, and one evidently, judging from the quick jump and angry cry, hitting the mark intended.

The stalwart warrior now boldly leaped out in full view, shook his tawny flat and tossed his crested head defiantly at the fort, shouting out like the blast of a trumpet:

"Bad scran to yez, ye bowld, dirthy blackguards! isn't a flag o' truce you'd be mane enough to fire on. Phat the divil——"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed out Brady, at once relieved and greatly amused. "Stop, boys, stop! don't shoot for heaven's sake! I thought I knew that voice. It's the wild Irishman you've heard us speak of so often. Wait till I hail him," and Brady leaped to the *banquette*.

By this time all the riflemen appeared above the stockades, looking some with wonder and some with amusement at the Indian chief, who with plumed crest aloft and blanket thrown picturesquely over his shoulder like an Italian bandit, strutted forward in a state of great indignation, and muttering angrily to himself.

Brady, scarce able to restrain himself from a loud guffaw at the pompous air and ludicrous appearance of the fellow, shouted out:

"Why, bless my soul and body, man, is that you, Larry? Where in the world——"

"Och, be jabers, Captain Brady, if Brady it is. Larry me no Larrys the day. It's a Big Medicine and great Miami chafe I be. Did ye connate I wud surround yer old log fort that's all stuck up on ind, that ye'd pepper me wid balls and kape me bobbing like a jumping jack or a parched pea, and juking around like a duck in a hailstorm. By all the powers o' war, boys, but I'm heart ashamed av ye. Phat for did ye not train yer big cannon on me to wunct?" and then in a lower tone to some one behim, "Whist! Biddy, whist! Lay low and kape dark, I tell ye, or you and the gossoon will be knocked into smithereens in half a crack uv a cow's thumb."

"And did you expect, Larry," laughed Brady, "to parade yourself before a border fort in war times, dressed up in redskin toggery and yelling like a born savage, and have us open the gates and invite you in? Where did you come on the whisky?"

"Whisky!" at once answered Larry, appealingly, and most ludicrously changing his whole manner. "Whisper the word again, captin. Och, may the divil fly away wid me this bliased minit af I've seen or tasted the crayture for a month av Sundays. Arrah, captin, av yere a heart anunder yer belt, give me a jorum hot enough to curl a moustache and sthrong enough to float an iron wedge. I'm so wake and deeshy-dawshy that you cud tie me wid a rotten cob-web."

"Well, come into the fort then," laughed Brady, "and give an account of yourself. Where are you from, and how came you—but who's that slouching there behind you?"

"Come on, Biddy, darlint, you and the little shaver. Yer chafe's come to his own agin. D'ye see the big crowd waiting to recave me? Now don't get pale about the lugs, I'll stand by yez."

So saying, Larry advanced grandly and with swelling port, looking as majestic as Julius Cæsar himself. He extended his hand with a magnificent air to Brady, who had gone outside to meet him, and who could scarce restrain smiling aloud at his inconceivably comical appearance.

His red shock of hair had been shaved close to his head—save that on the crown, which was drawn up into a flaming scalp-lock, tricked out with beads and feathers. The paint had been laid on his face in heavy streaks and bars of scarlet and vermillion, and behind the hideous mask Larry's eyes twinkled like those of a negro minstrel. His Irish dress had been completely changed for that of an Indian chief's—leggins, moccasins, and all.

The various inmates of the fort now crowded about this strange and irresistibly ludicrous figure, and indulged in all sorts of quiet laughs and jokes. Especially were the darkeys amused, Colonel Zane's Sim showing his entire rows of flashing ivories and almost splitting his sides with hardly-concealed jollity.

"I see how it is now, Larry," said Brady, confidentially, "there's a woman in the case. I don't wonder you wished to put on a little state before her; but excuse me if I say you look like the very devil."

The Irishman appeared a little haughty and affronted at this, but seeing at once he could not longer keep up his grandiloquent style where he was so well known, he drew Brady aside a step or two and said confidentially, and with a broad grin that would have made the fortune of a circus clown:

"An' faith, captin dear, to tell yez the naked truth, I feel more like the divil nor I look. My auburn hair's trussed up so toight that —— ef I can snap my winkers at all, at all. Sure it amost tilts me off my own throtters, an' the paint's so thick that, bad luck to me av I kin aythur ate, yawn, or salute me schwateheart widout my face all cracking in to seams loike a pan of curdled milk. 'Bedad, but it's fairly in torture I am; but Net-to-way here seems to loike it, and it's Mike-coon-i-cone, that's my chafe's name."

"Well, Mike, and I'm glad they gave you such an Irish handle. Who's this Net-to-way you've stolen away. She seems a very pretty and modest girl. I hope you've——"

"Och, by me showl, but divil a bit's she stole; but's a chafe's daughter and loves me to disthraction from her heart out; and, glory be to God, I pledge ye the word av an Irishman, and willschware it by all the continta of Moll Kelly's primer, that the divine and immortial pashun is—is—is—in short, is rayshprecated—or to spake it in honest Irish, I love the sun-kissed Colleen down to my very marrow, an' I'll marry her right out o' hand. Och, captin, she's as schwate and modest as a rosebud, and has a voice loike a throstle or a mairmaid. —— av I've iver seed——"

"Oh, yes, yes, I know," laughed Brady; "I hope you will either marry or send her home. But who's the boy you've got there?"

"Och, the divil whip the tongue out o' me, an' haven't I tolled ye yet. Faith, an' it's the chafest wonder of all. Sure he's no less than widder Malott's gossoon, Harry, him that wur lost and——"

"What!" said Brady, in great surprise; "you don't tell me so? Why didn't ye say that before?"

"Och, captin, wur you iver in luve? That's joost it, bedad. I'm so harriebed and mulfathered by that honey, there, that I'm a'most disthracted—but phat for are yiz stanning there, grinning loike a cheeser cat, ye nagur ye. Have a moind, ye omadhoun, that ye don't lape down yer own mouth; an' shure it's big an' ugly enough."

This last sentence was not said to Brady, as might be supposed, but was a gentle "aside" addressed to black Sam, who was gazing at Larry as if spellbound, his eyes wide open and his huge mouth grinning from ear to ear.

Brady now went up and spoke kindly to Nettoway and Harry, and, withdrawing them from the curious crowd and sending over to Zane's house for Betty and Drusilla, told them and Larry to follow him, and led the way directly to Captain Boggs' house inside the fort.

Just as they were stepping inside the door, Larry, whose staring eyes had for some time been absorbingly fixed upon one of the crowd, plucked Brady by the sleeve and said, mysteriously:

"Wud ye moind tellin' me, captin, phat for, in this dacint and respiktable neighborhood, ye allow that faymale woman to be meandhering an' philandering around, as bowld as brass an' wid a stride loike a grenadier, an' she all dressed out loike a man. It's rale haythenish and——"

"What woman! and what in the devil d'ye mean, Larry?"

"That imperdent hussy, there, wid the long black curls, it is I mane, wid a butcher knife stuck in her belt, and toting a musket as long as herself."

"Ha! ha! ha!" fairly shouted Brady, and seemingly convulsed with merriment. "Come here, Miss Wetzell, and let me introduce you to Larry Donahue, who takes you for a 'female woman.'"

"He does, does he," replied Lew Wetzell—the best and toughest scout, and the biggest dare-devil of his age on the border—and, giving Larry's hand a vice-like grip, which made the bones fairly crunch and the tears come into his eyes:

"Waal, ef there's a choice atween hars," he continued, in his deep, gruff bass voice, "I reckon I'd raythur grow this"—drawing his long, luxuriant tresses through his hands—"than that ere," pointing to Larry's stiff and rubesant scalp-lock, which, covered with bear's fat, stood up like the crow feathers of a rooster, or more like the crest of a Hussar's plumed hat. "Ef the Irish chief thinks I'm a woman I'll allow him the liberty of a loving hug, and we'll blamed soon see who'll have the first fall in the wrastle. What d'ye say, Paddy?"

"Och, be aff wid ye, ye natural," said Larry, indignantly, greatly shocked and still puzzled about the sex of his companion. "Deil the bit do I want to meddle wid the loikes o' you. Yer as loike a dock as a daisy, an' shure it's head or harp betwixt the whedder yes a mon or a woman. Av yer a faymale, yer not uv the koind I loike, an' av yer a mon, by me sowks, ye'd best hunt up a barber to wonct," and with this parting shot Larry stepped inside, leaving Wetzell to the chaffing of the listening crowd.

CHAPTER XC.

LARRY'S ESCAPE AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

The wonder and delight of Larry's old fellow-captives, to hear not only of his escape but of Harry Malott's discovery, and the presence of both at Fort Henry, attended by a comely and modest Indian damsel was, as may be supposed, very great. They soon flocked to the Commandant's house, plied the whole three new-comers with questions, and then took Net-to-way and Harry in charge.

Larry, who duly received his noggin of whisky, and was in great glee therefrom, became the hero of the circle, and they laughed till they cried at his consequential airs and odd, quaint descriptions of his double courtship and adoption. We need only take up his narration from the time the new-found Harry was taken home to Chillicothe by Wa-cous-ta.

"Faix, my friuds," continued Larry, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "that wur the dampest and moistiest time that I drawed the little 'un out uv the wather. Ye cud have wrung Net-to-way out loike a disk rag, and I wor wet as a sponge; but shure it makes me powerful dhry the telling uv it till ye. My throttle feels loike I wor a chewing uv ship's bisket and washing it down wid sawdust."

The hint was taken, and Larry resumed more briskly:

"God save ye kindly, Misther Shepherd, for remimbering the dhry and the powdery. Now that ye've wetted my whisle, I'll clack on more fluintly belike. The younker had scarce gone over to Chillicothe—phate-his-name—whin the dape scoret betwixt us drawed Biddy—which it is the short and schwate for Net-to-way, as I kape minding uv ye—closter thegither, and we billed and cooed and pelavered more industriously than iver.

"But, och hone! och hone! the widder Big Bear—bad fate to her, but she was a rale heart-scald to me. She grew keen and sarching as the north wind, an' that luving loike that I was in a constant throng and flurry o' the lip business.

"Blissed av I iver passed forninst her but, by the same token, she puckered up her lips inviting-loike, and cast butthery glances at me like a dying catfish. By the hokey, 'twas enough to sicken a cat. I ain't aisily stumped in my profeshun, be dad, but Wa-ba-sha raythur crowded things too much, and too fastly. She niver let me rest until I fixed the very next Sunday for the christening and the marriage, and the wee, tallow-complected papooses began to take all manner ov impertent liberties wid me, as ef I was already their own dad.

"But Biddy and me had our own secret moments of consolashun and rollickzation. 'Troth and indade, av it hadn't been for the schwate comfort ov her voice, and, and rose-bud lips, I would have been by this a cold and stiffened shcoscide. Be jabers, the sly little minx wur more forninst me marryin' wid the aunt than I wor mysilf, and niver reminber I being schwater on any gurril than she wor on me.

"On Sunday there wor a tirrible hullibaloo in the village. Barrin' the whisky ye'd thought there wor a wake. All the yellow-skins surrounded the shebeen and carried me on their shoulthers down to the Council House. Here they sthripped me and—saving the young leddies presence—clapped on me a clout-cloth, and then shaved off most all my gorgious hair, till my sconce was clane and shinny as a pumkin, and only laving a swaping tail or top-knot, which, begorra, they grased and trassed out, jest as you see it, and thin, the saints be about us, they handed me over to a lot o' grinning and misbehaving squaws and girls—as loike as pays in a pod—who led me, laughing and poking foon at me, down into the wather.

"While I wor spachless wid amazement, and wor exposthulating wid the mischavious monkeys, would you belave it, Misthress Bogga, one ov the ugliest ov them—more betoken that she had a stuttering, and vishyous eye and a snaggledy tusk for a tooth—all to wunce tripped up my throtters, an' me niver misthrusting her at all, at all, and down came Larry Donohue that was—and Mike-com-i-can that is—plump into the wather.

"Ooh, be jabers, but to hear the wicked shouts and laugh of them haythen faymales; it almost cruddles my blood to think ov it this miunit. I wor in the clutches—an' may the Lord remimber them it—o' a lot of muskular mairmaids that scratched me loike cats and kneaded me as I wor so much dough, an' me without a rag to me back or a tack to me feet, an' that shamed that I blushed all over red as a lobster, and I could a joost stayed under foriver and a day, and herded wid the mute and innercent little fishes.

"And d——d, too, ef there didn't stand widder Big Bear on the bank, wid her fishy eyes cocked up loike two poomp handles, and houlding her fat sides wid laughing.

"'S-s-cat,' sez I. 'Shure an' I won't,' sez she, and the 'ould baggage began shaking loike any bowl full of jelly. Tear an' ages but it joost stirred my mad right up. By the mortial, sez I, all misallaneously to myself, sez I, I'll be even wid ye fur wunst, ov I afther was to go to the eternity of misery, and wid dat I breaks loose from the amphibious wather-nymphs, streekit to the shore, caught Wa-ba-sha in me own luving two arms and noused her, schraming and kicking loike Lanty McGuire's pig, into the wather.

"She wur fairly blue-moulding for joost sich a time. 'No more o' ye tantrims and figaries,' sez I, 'for me, Wa-ba-sha,' sez I. Niver did mortial eyes behold a corpulint and middle-aged faymale so rantankerated. She fairly howled and hissed with the mad, and spat at me loike a wild cat, but shure all the onlookers wor moightily plazed and laughed and whirroed, while this damp mother of four mahogany children, och hone! och hone! guv me such murdhering looks and bustled up to her lodge, wid her feathers trailing loike a wet hen.

"When the white blood—more betoken because its all red—was all claned intirely out o' me, I wor taken up to the council Wurseagin and put into these illegant garminta, for the which I was powerfully plazed, seeing thwt my ould vistilation duds wor torn and ragged from the woods and so much knocking about. My name was changed to Mike-con-i-can, which manes to say, I'm tould, that I have hair broight loike the sun.

"Then they painted my face, handed me a dudheen wid some villainous sumach and kinnekenick for tobacco, gave me a gun with flint and tomahawk, stuffed me wid bears mate, venison and hominy, and so I became a great chafe av the Miamis. But by the rib on the grate St. Pathric hisself av that second time wetting hasn't made me all dhry again. Ye must tip me another noggin, Mister Shepherd, just to kape the furst in company."

"But, Larry," laughed Betty, "I'm anxious to know what Wa-ba-sha did after that."

"Indade, an' Misthress, so wur myself, but I'm jest coming to that, d'ye mojud. Begorra, I had my misgivings about Wa ba sha in quensequence uv her bath, and afther all the lashings of ating and dhrinking—but nare a drap of speerits, nothing but wather outside uv me and wather inside uv me—I made haste very slowly to the back ind uv the ould shanty, and crept in tinderly as a cat in pattens.

"Och! phillilew, but the ould file made a sorry and grafe stricken picter, and was sour as a crab, and cross as the tongs. I smiled as angelic and innercent-loike as a baby off to the fairyland of dhrames, but she looked at me crooked as the hind leg uv a dog, and asked me uv I wor ready for the marriage.

"An' why not, machree, darlint, sez I, iver so bland like and tossing her wun av my schwatest and most deludhersum smiles, something loike this," and here Larry's painted face gave a hideous grin, which caused an irrepressible burst of merriment. "Och! by me sowks, I tells ye 'twas as war-r-m and plisint as a noggin o' whiskey wid a froth on it like foam; 'twas enough to draw a could corpse up on its elbow, but she only ups and sez, sez she, wid an eye, Misthress Bogga, as cowld as a frog's, and a face as sour as a pan of butthermilk.

"Next sun, you be Wa-ba-sha's chafe or you die. Ye born divil, you hab two scalps. Me hab hofe and sell dem to pale face trader and get heap money."

"'Tis main,' sez I, mighty meek and smiling loike, 'I'll be there, my loving paycock, but dount be so tinder and ardint till afther the banns, an' I'll now make bowld to go and git ready.'

"Av you'll belave me, young leddies, I was wake as skimmed milk. Ye cud ha' tilted me over wid a jackstraw; yes wid a fedder. My ruby hair—what wor left uv it—wud have stud up straight on my head if so be it cud have got higher nor stiffer than it wor, for, d'ye see, it wor my two crowns the old rhionoceros meant to divide into two scalps and make a horrible spekkelation uv. I wor all throughother and taken very bad, I tells ye, and hunted up Net-to-way dreadfully suddint.

"'Och! Biddy,' sez I, 'an' sure its all over wid us,' and I ups and tells her the whole story, and we mixed our tears and our kisses thegether—more specially the latter—til we felt consoled, and then we forecasted and concocted our schemes and kisses and made up, and I went her off all secretly and promiskruously by herself to Chille-phats-his-name to tell the wee gossoon to mate us at the mouth uv the creek that night, an' now heres jest the plan we consated, or that she consated, and I wagged my scalp-lock in silent approval.

"Netty—an' it makes not a bit o' differ whether ye call her that or Biddy, seeing that they are all wun in Irish—wor a moighty clever and handy lass at pntwisticating all hard knots. She's as full o' good mother wit as an egg's full o' mate, and knew the wuds as well as a humming bird does, and cud steer her way, bedad, thru' all the tangles as straight as any bizzy bee to its hive. Ochl schwate good luck to the winsom moderless orphling, but whin ye know her as I do ve'll be rale took up wid her cunning, schaming, machinating ways and contrivings. Faith I was that awkward along side o' her that she used to laff in my greenhorn uv a face at all my left-handed plottings til I was fain to leave all to her own wee self, and wud fetch and carry for her like a blind man's dog. Shure it was only in word biather that I wor her shupurier, and ye know bravely that my tongue iver hangs loose and wags as nimbly as a greyhound's fut, consumin' a bit the less.

"Well, wud ye iver consate, now, that this little, lieson, black-eyed thrifle had ivery thing reddy for a suddint start. She knew Aunt Wa-ba-sha, bad cess to the vishyus ould crocodile, wor indeed earnest, and whiniver it wor *go, go* it wor, and at wunct, and small chance for long prayers, and she had a big canoe wid four sweepers hid away under the bushes, and a lot o' jerk and bear meat and hominy inside and joost bided for the wur-r-rd.

"It wor black as a wolf's throat whin the sly and deseateful little minx came slipping back into the shabeen, looking for all the wor-r-rld as meek and innercent as a cat that's been staling cruine. I had made it all up wid the corpulint widder, and wor doing my very purtiest to console and desave wid blarney and kisses, and such like deludhers, whin I caught a glint and a sparkle o' Biddy's eye, sharp as a gimlet, and bright as shate lightning.

"Bedad, it struck me all av a trimble from toe to crown—or rayther from moccasin to scalp-lock—for all the worr-r-rld loike the shock of an ecliektic bathery, fur it meant, as plain as tho' her two lips had spoke the words, 'Net-to-wa's all riddy, and don't ye think yer rayther overdoing it wid the widder Big Bear?' So wid that I eased off a bit, kep a cloat watch on Biddy's two eyes, and waited for orders."

"And you don't tell me, Larry," here interrupted Lydia, "that the absurd girl put full confidence in you and your promises, and was ready to run off, she knew not where?"

"Bedad, ef she didn't thin, Misthress Bogga, consumin' the less, and for why should she not? She niver misthrusted me, because she saw the gospil truth in my two peepers. The little sun-kissed brunette wor far better nor I was, inny day. I cud see that wid only one eye and not half try. She had nursed me up from death's dure, and because her tinder woman's heart took pity on me, and flatthered me by chusing a stranger uv a different color, and because she wor willing to trust me to the very inds of the wur-rld, was it fur me to desaive the guileless crayture and abuse her trust. Och! troth and be jabers, Larry Donohue's no sich a mon."

"Good for you, Larry!" interrupted Drusilla, warmly. "I always thought you were a faithful, true-hearted fellow, and now I *know* it; you're just right in staying by her who staid by you."

"The tip o' the morning an' the complements uv the saison to ye, Misthress Swearingen, and to be sure I'm right; but wun more of thim tongue ticklers, captain; av you plaze, and I'm off on the home stretch."

Larry took another modest sup, smacked his lips, and went on.

"Faix an' they say that one 'swallow doesn't make a summer,' but by the hokey, captin, a few swallows *of that* sarching, rib-roasting sthuff hates up the very cockles o' my heart, and makes it warm and plisint summer all over me; but where wor I; oh, yis—well Netty slept in the same room wid her she aunt, and in a little she made off as if fur a visit to a naybur, and afther I had forgathered all for the morrow wid Wa-ba-sha, I slipped outside the shanty, making no more fuss than would my own shadder.

"By the powers, but shure it wor a wunder how that little puss, Biddy, had plotted and schamed all. We had at first talked of running off a 'shanks mare' by the woods, and making straight for this place, but my wakeness, the thrubble about food, and the surety of getting cotched, knocked the throtters from annunder that plan.

"Then we planned to go a horseback across to the mouth of the Muskingum, and there thry for to find a canoe; but we were greatly feared to chance that for it would be so easy tracking and overtaking us with the Malott younker along, that we bade good-bye to that too. The only thing lift us this, be jabers, was to go all the way by wather, and remembering yer words, Brady, that 'wather laves no trail,' I was just poiping hot for that, although it made the route twist as long. But it were safe and secreter for all, especially the wee laddie and easier to carry steadies.

"And now, by the mortial, there wor the canoe all ready for the word go. It tuk the consate out ov me intirely to watch the trickiness ov that young schamer, sure Buddy it is I mane. The artful little jade—and troth it's only by way of blarney I say it—had scarce cleared the shanty before she made me mount on a horse she had trapped and kept ready, while she ups on another. We both made our fut tracks as plain as cud be, an' faix that wor asy as rollin' off a log wid mine, for I ginerally leave a spoor loike an illaphants.

"Thin we walked—the horses I mane—thin trotted, and thin galloped straight off to the east, until we pulled up forninst a big bend of Scippo creek. We thin waded our horses up the stram's middle until we hap'd on a big tree that had fallen acrost the creek. On this I was ordered to roost.

"Phat now, by hokey, does the cunning little deludher do, but get out on this timber and whip out of her dress some thorn switches and thongs, with all the sharp prickly nettles and things she had for some days been getting ready, and tie them about the horses so that when they would commench to run, these pricks and hard thorns would act like spurs and drive them on; the harder the horses would go the worse they'd jag and sting.

"She then walked along the tree, leading both horses, to the east side, and giving each some sharp, sudden raps, off they went pell-mell, helter-skelter, like mad. Shure we could hear them tearing through the woods at a great rate.

"'Biddy,' says I, katching av her two hands very respictful, but giving her a warm kiss of admiration on the lips, "It's a jewel ye are, Biddy, and faix they'll have to rise up airly who'd git the lead of ye; and what nixt, darlint?"

"'Hus-h-h, Larry,' said the sly puss, wid finger on lip—for it wor Larry I'd teached her to call me, and it comed that pat and schwate from her lips sure you'd be shurprised. 'Hush h-h, Larry! mustn't talk: redman have big ears. You do like Biddy.'

"'Faith an' I do thin; wid all the veins o' my heart an'——,' but just thin off the little fairy whisked her wee moccasins, and trussed up her skin leggins, and slipped into the shallow wather a the far side of the creek, laving me spacheless wid surphrise. I hushed to cocat and jist did that very same by her orders, and the two bodies ov us waded adown and adown the Roathee, makin' no more noise than a sportive fish, til we comed til the canoe, which we climbed into from the tail ind.

"In less time, begorra, than ye cud say St. Patrick's day in the mornin', we were floatin' slyly past the lines of shanties, and the witching gurril a standing at the forrard wid finger on lip and looking for all the wurrld loike a weather-witch, or a marble stater of Liberty."

CHAPTER XCI.

STORY OF LARRY'S ESCAPE CONTINUED.

"Well, Larry," said Brady admiringly, "that was a pretty cute plan of Net-to-way's, and worthy of a far older head. You see the redskins would have known you were on the horses, would have tracked them to the tree, and would naturally follow after them through the woods, but could not well have seen to do this until the next morning. So that the beasts ran far enough, and no other trace was left, you ought to have gained almost a day."

"Troth and your joost right, captin, ivery word, an' presactly phat the lassie telled me she'd counted on; an' you niver seed such a happy Biddy as when wee Harry Malott answered to her hail at the mouth of the creek, and we dragged the little curly-head on board, and got fairly out into the Scioto. Biddy she cried and laughed, and hugged him up, and I laughed and cried and hugged 'em both up, but chasely her, more be token that she was the bigger and needed it more.

"But there was no time to wasthe in foolin', an' so we both took paddles and wrought our way steady, kaping right amid stream. Soon little Harry, who was merry as a kitten and chatty as a cathird, curled hisself on a blanket in the bow and went sound asleep.

"Towards morning, when it wor broad moonlight, and I wor some used to the paddle, I fought sore with Net-to-way to snug down and take some slape, which, at last, she did, and caught some cat's naps."

"I hope, Larry," interrupted Shepherd, "you got out into the Ohio safely? The mouth of the Scioto is a famous place for Indian camps, and a favorite point from which to attack Ohio boats."

"By my faix, Misther Shepherd, sorra speck o' danger wor there, though Netty was wondrous suspicioinful. She had an eye loike an aigle, and would kape long looking up and down the river and on all sides. We wud have rached the Ohio by daylight, but the last twenty miles the Scioto slapely zigzags through the bottoms loike a worm fence, and crooked as a ram's horn. It moinded me of dhrinking Pat Mooney that uset to take so long to get home from Donnybrook Fair, but who always swore that it wasn't the length in the way that bothered him, but, bad scran to it! 'twas the breadth uv it.

"We first sighted the Ohio when the sun was about three hours high, and Captin Biddy—more by token it was hersilf that wor the knowingest of all, and watched and provided iverything—wouldn't lave us break our fast till out into the big river. We then made straight for the Kentuck side, and for the first time began to breathe free.

"Shure, now, my leddies, but it wud be good as a play to hear of the thricks and twists and dayvices uv that lujin girrul to get clean off wud me and the gossoon; how she blinked in here, and made a run there. Netty could sight a canoe farder than hawk a bird. Sometimes we'd lie by for hours, and make it up by night, and she all the time so watchful and plisint and cunning. Begorra but it was a marvel. Och! but it wor the weary, longsome journey! More nor two weeks in this hiding and twisting, wid nothing but chape wishy-washy wather to drink, and sometimes that bare of food, that of we hadn't snared some birds and fish, by the hookey! we'd a starved. I wor feared at first to fire a gun, and mostwise to light a fire; but wunst above the Kanawha, I seed an illegant buck throtting along wid his nose to the wind, and never saying nothing to nobody, when I ups wid my rifle and chanced a shot, and the crayture fell. I hadn't shooted any since the toime, ye moind it well, Misthress Bogga, when I brought down your horse for a buck at the fire-hunt on Big Beaver, and faith, I don't know which wor the most surprised, the deer or mysilf. Howly Joseph! but that wor a God sind to us, for the nimble-witted Biddy had larned a way of scratching out a hole and making an illegant little oven widout any shmoke at all at all.

"I then shot a gobbling bull turkey and a thrifle of a bear's cub, and durned of we didn't live for a toime loike foighting-cocks; but in quensequence uv our havin' no salt, I wouldn't have guv a rusty rasher of bacon, flanked wud a primin' of good mountain dew, for the whole batch of frish mate."

"And were you never chased by Net-to-way's people all this time, Larry?" said Shepherd, wonderingly.

"By the grate-toe of St. Pether I'll be bound we wur; and shure I thought I'd towld ye uv that. It wor the first evening on the Ohio, when Biddy—that, by the immortal St. Pathric! seemed to have eyes in all parts of her wise little noddle—on looking back, sighted a crowd of canoes, filled with savidges, a-craping an' a-staling up along the shore forninst us. 'Wa-kous-ta and The Mouse,' sez Biddy, a koind of froightened beloike. 'Phat's to be done now, Biddy, darlint?' sez I. 'Whist! whist! Larry,' sez she, 'and we'll paddle canoe into dat leetle, leetle run.' 'Good,' sez I. And faith an' we did it, and Biddy slipped the boat shind uv a screen of leaves and willows that she fixed so nateral loike that it wud a-fooled ould Horney hisself.

"There we waited and waited till the six canoes comed in sight 'A half-dozen eggs to ye, Misther Wakousta,' sez I, as they slunk past, 'an' six uv them rotten. Ef you're sharper than little chafe Nettoway here, ye must git up airly in the mornin'.' This wor what's called a soliloquy.

"So afther dark we slippit out into the river again, and, wud ye belave it, crept past a fire in a dape ravine, about which these same bamboozled Injuns were dancing and fooling away their time. We paddled all night and then laid by in a little run as loike the tother as two peas in a pod; but we niver seed them more, and now here we are all safe and sound. But, by the blissed apostles, Misther Shepherd, but I'm dhry as powther wid so much tongue-clacking."

"Truly a well-earned escape, Larry," said Brady, approvingly, "and your sweetheart has a sharp head piece on her shoulders; but what are ye going to do with her now—not marry her?"

"By the Piper that played afore Moses, that's joost phat I'll do. Bad scran to ye, Brady, shure ye wudn't have me play the villan wid the loikes o' her; to decave and desart her whin she luved and thrusted me, and's brought me, loike a little fairy that she is, through a thousand dangers. She's mine till death, and far better nor I desarve. Av the schwate Misthress Swearingen, there—and by me song I kin see wid half an eye that's it's all right now betwixt you two—wud have so trated *you*, d'ye think ye cud have shut the dures uv yer heart forninst her, and left her all out in the cowld?"

"Larry Donohue forever!" shouted Lydia, amid the general merriment which Larry's personal allusion had made. "Spoken like an honest man, and so say we all."

"And I *first* of all," continued Brady, in some confusion. "I would have thought you a scoundrel, Larry, if you would have wished to do otherwise, for, from what we have seen and heard of Nettoway, she is a modest, worthy and amiable young girl; and when is the marriage to be?"

"By the mortial, captin, the sooner it is, the better I'll loike it. Av there's no praste to the fore here, troth an I'll take any mon o' God that can tie a matrimonial noose."

"Oh, girls!" cried Lydia, clapping her little hands in the greatest glee; "a wedding! a wedding! that'll be splendid! *We'll* take care of Netty, Larry, and see that she has everything necessary."

"Faith, an' I'm obleeged to ye, young leddies, wid a heart and a half. I'll lade all the schwate sports, and, by all the schwates o' rosin, av I be'ent mooch mistaken, there'll be some couples of yiz that I know that'll be following hard afther——"

"But what," hurriedly interrupted Brady from the blushing group, "is to become of your brother in Kentuck whom ye came out in search of?"

"Och, botheration about my vagabone brother," laughed Larry. "I'll bother no more afther him. Av he can't hunt me up I'll niver wasthe more time chasing him. I'm foinding, be jabers, that Amerika's a moighty big counthry, an' here's as foine a speck uv it as I've ever seed, and so I'll joost set up housekaping hereabouts. I'll get me a dirthy acre or so, knock me up a shanty, gather a few slips uv pigs and some chickens, and it'll go hard wid me if the Donohue family won't soon howld up their heads wid the best of ye."

This announcement of Larry's was received with the greatest applause. It was just the very thing, thought all. The three girls now went out to get Netty and Harry, and to make all arrangements for a speedy wedding.

The news soon spread about the settlement. Larry's story, his doings and sayings, were handed from mouth to mouth, and he, as usual, became universally popular. He was always surrounded with a laughing crowd, and could now be seen hob-nobbing with "Mad Ann Bailey," or now cracking jokes with even that long-haired "faymale woman," Lew Wetzell.

A wedding on the Virginia border at that time was, according to "Doddridge's Notes," a grand and prolonged frolic, and attended with most novel and remarkable ceremonies, in which the whole neighborhood took part. The groom was conveyed to the cabin of the bride—and in that sparsely-settled country the houses were frequently miles apart—by a mounted procession of the male and female friends of both parties.

This wedding "march" was often oddly interrupted by the narrowness and obstructions of the horse-paths through the woods—fallen trees and grape vines mischievously thrown across the way. Sometimes an ambuscade was formed by the wayside, and a sudden discharge of firearms took place, causing shrieks among the girls, stampedes among the horses and a busy and laughing pursuit of the beaus attendant. If a wrist or ankle were sprained by falls, it was tied with a handkerchief and no more thought of it.

The marriage ceremony preceded the backwoods dinner, which was a bountiful feast of beef, pork, fowls, fish, deer and bear meat invariably accompanied with plenty of whisky.

Then commenced the dancing of reels and jigs until all, fiddlers and guests, were completely tired out. Frequently this feasting and dancing lasted several days, until the whole company were so exhausted with the violent exercise and loss of sleep that many days of rest were required.

Frequently neighbors or relations who were not invited took offence and the singular revenge of cutting off the manes, foretops and tails of horses belonging to the wedding company.

After the marriage all the friends united to settle the young couple in the world by building their cabin. The materials were prepared and the foundation laid on the first day. On the second the cabin was raised, and then this hastily constructed domicile being rudely furnished with slab tables, three-legged stools, wooden or pewter dishes, etc. The house-warming consisting of a dance, occupying a whole night, and attended by feasting and drinking, took place.

It may well be supposed that this bountiful style of wedding accorded most fully and exactly with Larry's ideas. He desired to have "lashings of ating and dhrinking," and would have been well content if the dancing, feasting and merry-making could have been extended for a month.

Well, this wedding shortly came off and lasted a whole day and night. We wish we had time to describe it, and its many incidents, more fully, for it was one long remembered in that settlement. Colonel Zane had freely offered his house for the grand occasion, while the three ladies, who had been Larry's fellow captives, fitted out the bride, who looked very pretty and bewitching—"a schwate, modist woodland flower," were the pardonable words used by Larry on the occasion.

Larry at once adopted the scout's dress of the border, and so had to make but little change in his chief's apparel, but he was dreadfully worried and "mul-fathered" by the scandalous condition of his shaved head. The scrubby red hair had grown out like the stubble of a mown wheat field, and he was forced to cut off his flaming scalp-lock to match, and be married in a coon-skin cap.

When Lew Wetzell, with his silky, flowing curls, reaching almost to his knees, came up to Larry after the ceremony, and asked him why he kept that fright of a coon-skin on, the groom could scarce keep his hands off the scout. The negro fiddlers, too, pestered and angered him a great deal, but still "all went merry as marriage bells" usually do, and afterwards the whole neighborhood turned in, built and furnished a comfortable log cabin, and so two of our characters commenced their housekeeping.

Our wild Irishman is caught at last, and stands a fair chance of being converted into a staid, sober, contented family man. It is not our fault if the fiery energy and impetuosity of his character have placed him ahead of others of his and our friends who started ahead of him in the hymeneal race. But we are by no means done with him yet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

VIOLETS.

Violets are the sweetest flowers in Flora's garden, and are almost universally admired. There are are three varieties now cultivated, viz. the Neapolitan, the Russian, and the English, or *b. odorata*. The Neapolitan violets are far more tender than all other species, and cannot be brought to perfection without the aid of artificial heat or some protection to preserve them from frosts. In a cold frame or under hand-glasses they can be kept in bloom from November to May. During summer they will take care of themselves, with but little attention from the gardener; but as soon as cold nights approach, the glasses should be put over them; and during severe cold they must be protected by matting and the frames banked up with stable litter. For window gardening these violets are not a success, unless the plants are purchased when in full bloom, and kept in a cool temperature. As pot-plants they require shifting into larger pots, as their roots spread, and should be liberally supplied with water while in bloom. In beds, to maintain a good succession, a new bed should be planted as soon as the old plants cease to flower; but if this cannot be easily done, let the old plants remain, and cut away all the suckers they have made, and give the bed a top dressing of rich loam and well-decayed manure, half-and-half. All through the summer the suckers should be cut away, and the plants will need water occasionally, if the season is dry. By this method very strong plants can be had for winter flowering, and only one sash and frame be required.

The Russian violets are much more hardy than the Neapolitan, but to blossom freely they need a rich soil, with plenty of water when in bloom; it must, however, be well drained, so that the water will not settle at their roots, as this will cause them to decay. Fresh beds made every year from the offsets will produce the greatest profusion of flowers, and the old beds can be renovated with a top-dressing after their flowering ceases. The suckers can be planted when the old beds are in full bud, but all suckers produced the first year should be removed, so that the plants can form compact crowns, which will produce flowers in great plenty.

The Czar violet is the most popular variety that is cultivated, but its flowers are of a pale blue, and single, yet their delicious fragrance is always appreciated. It has, however, a tendency to run to leaf rather than to bud, and, therefore, should not have too rich a soil; a sandy loam seems best adapted to its wants.

These violets can be cultivated like mignonnette, so as to form a miniature tree. Take a strong, well-rooted sucker with a long stem, and plant it in a pot of light, rich mold, with the stem tied up to a slender support. Put the pot where it can have bottom heat, and as soon as it seems to be growing well, nip off all the side branches with the exception of two small shoots. Continue to do this, keeping only the middle and side shoots, and as the three-inch pot (which should be used at first) becomes filled with roots, shift it to the next size, and continue doing this as often as the roots touch the sides of the pot. Fresh soil and a supply of weak manure-water must be given to promote its growth, and every flower bud picked off as soon as it is seen. In three years this course of treatment will have produced a stem at least half an inch in diameter, and a bell-shaped head, which may now be allowed to bud and bloom, and it will prove a charming basket-plant, or an ornament for the window, garden or greenhouse. The sweetest-scented flowers are not always the most brilliant colored, for nature rarely bestows upon one plant so great perfection, although the rose may claim this distinction; but violets possess the pleasing tints of dark blue or purple, pure white and pale blue, while the shape of the flowers is always lovely. No one who has a garden should be without a bed of them.

ATTEMPTING TOO MUCH.—Vain attempts are being made, in defiance of the teachings of the past, the laws of animal life, and the admonitions of present and painful experience, to accomplish mental and moral work as though the body were spiritual and not material. The time necessary to sleep is grudgingly given; ingenious experiments on the possibility of working both night and day are tried; food is hurled down the alimentary canal as though the stomach had committed a capital crime and deserved to be stoned to death; exercise is neglected or hurriedly performed, as if the body could retain its strength without it; confined and impure air is habitually breathed, as if there could be good blood without good air, or permanently good thinking and healthy feeling without good blood.

SPEAKING IN ITALICS.

Mr. Richard Martin, a member of the English Parliament for Galway, frequently complained that his speeches were not correctly reported. Martin had a great deal of eccentricity about him. Having, on one occasion, said something so very ludicrous as to convulse the House with laughter, Mr. O'D., a reporter for one of the papers, underlined the passage, and the compositors, of course, printed it in italics. The circumstance afforded infinite amusement to the whole town on the day on which it appeared, and the honorable gentleman was chaffed beyond measure, not only for the ludicrousness of the speech itself, but for its being printed in italics.

"Allow me to congratulate you," said one of his honorable friends next morning before he had seen any of the morning papers, "allow me to congratulate you on your new discovery in the art of oratory."

"On the what?" said Martin, looking quite annoyed.

"Why, did you not speak in a manner different from any one else last night?" added the other.

"Me?" said the member from Galway; "and faith but it's myself would like to know what you mane."

"Mean?" said the other. "Can you possibly be ignorant that you spoke one part of your speech last night in italics?"

"Spoke in italics?" observed Martin, becoming indignant; "spoke in italics? Do you mane, sir, to be after insulting me?"

"Look at the morning papers, and then say whether I have not spoken the truth," handing him the paper.

"Thunder and lightning!" exclaimed Martin; "and sure enough the villain of a reporter has made meself spake in italics. I will be after punishing the rascal this very evening."

Sure enough, Martin did contrive to find out the reporter, and, when the House met, the honorable member made it his first work to visit the gallery to take to task the "reporther."

"Are you the gintleman who reported my speech this morning?"

"I had that honor," said Mr. O'D., with much coolness.

"Honor, sir! was it honor you called it to report me in such a way? 'Pon my word, sir, I have never seen such consummate effrontery ever since I was a nimber of Parliament. What, sir, have you to say for yourself for treating me in this way?"

The honorable member seemed almost bursting with rage as he spoke.

"In what way?" inquired the reporter, with the same calmness.

"Why, sir, by making me spake in italics, to be sure!"

The honorable member laid an emphasis on the word italics, which afforded no bad imitation of the report of a musket.

"Mr. Martin," said the reporter, "Mr. Martin——"

"Don't be after speaking to me, sir," interrupted Mr. Martin. "You have insulted me, sir, and I will bring——"

"Sir," interrupted Mr. O'D., "sir, if you have any grounds of complaint, you know your remedy. Here is my card."

Mr. O'D. here pulled out his card case, and presented his card to Mr. Martin. The latter looked first at the card, and then at the reporter, as if utterly confounded, and without taking the card or uttering a word, he hurried down stairs to the House, and almost out of breath from the conjoined effects of anger and the haste with which he had run down stairs, said, without waiting till the business of the House was disposed of, that he had to call the attention of the Speaker and the House to one of the grossest insults ever offered to a member of Parliament.

"Sir," said the honorable gentleman, addressing the Speaker, "sir, you and honorable members must be aware that I had the honor of addressing this House last night." [Ironical cries of "hear, hear."] "Well, sir, my speech is most villainously reported in the papers. [Suppressed titters of laughter were heard in all parts of the house.] But, Mr. Speaker, it is not of the inaccurate reporthing that I so much complain as of the circumstance of the reporther having made me spake in italics. [Roars of laughter, which continued for some time.] I appeal to you, sir, and to those honorable mimbers who heard me, whether I spake in italics. [Renewed bursts of laughter from all parts of the house.] You know, Mr. Speaker, and so does every gintleman in this house, that I never spake in italics at all, at all. [Shouts of laughter.] But, sir, allow me to say that this, bad as it is, is not the worst of the matter. Will you belave it, sir—will any honorable mimber in the House belave it—that when I went to the reporther to ask for an explanation, he told me, with the most perfect coolness, that if I felt myself aggrieved I knew my remedy, at the same time handing me his card, sir. The short and long of it, sir, is that this reporther wants to fight a duel with me."

Peals of laughter, such as were never before heard within the walls of Parliament, followed the conclusion of Mr. Martin's speech. When quiet was in some measure restored, he moved that Mr. O'D. be called to the bar of the House for having committed a breach of the privileges of the House; but there being no one to second the motion, it of course fell to the ground.

THE SHAH'S STRONG BOX.

The strong-box of the Shah of Persia consists of a small room 20x14 feet. Here, spread upon carpets, lie jewels valued at £7,000,000. Chief among them is the Kaianian crown, shaped like a flower-pot, and topped by an uncut ruby as large as a hen's egg, and supposed to have come from Siam. Near the crown are two lamb kin caps adorned with splendid aigrettes of diamonds; and before them lay trays of pearl, ruby and emerald necklaces, and hundreds of rings. A Mr. Eastwick, who is reported to have been allowed to examine the collection, states that conspicuous among the gauntlets and belts covered with pearls and diamonds is the Kaianian belt, about a foot deep, weighing perhaps eighteen pounds, which is one complete mass of pearls, diamonds, emeralds and rubies. One or two scabbards of swords are said to be worth a quarter of a million each. There is also the finest turquoise in the world, three or four inches long, and without a flaw; also an emerald as big as a walnut, covered with the names of the kings who possessed it.

ONE of the most fatal temptations to the weak is a slight deviation from the truth, for the sake of apparent good.

DEATH IN THE BALLOON.

[M. Tissandier, the only survivor of the three aeronauts who recently made an ascent from Paris, thus describes the fearful experiences of the trip.]

CARON (Indre), April 16, 1875.

MONSIEUR:—A telegram, sent officially, will have informed you of the sad misfortune which has befallen us. Sivel and Croce-Spinelli are no more. They succumbed to asphyxia in the high regions of the air to which we had ascended. I will relate to you what I know of this sad drama, for during two consecutive hours I was in a state of complete unconsciousness.

The ascension from the gas works at La Villette was accomplished favorably. At one in the afternoon we were already at more than 3,000 yards of altitude (pressure 400). We had passed air into the potassium tubes, felt our pulses, measured the interior temperature of the balloon, which was more than 20 C. (68 Fahr.), while the exterior air was less than 5 C. (41 Fahr). Sivel had trimmed the car; Croce had used his spectroscope, and we were all in high spirits.

Sivel threw out ballast, and we ascended, breathing oxygen, which produced an excellent effect.

At 1 h. 20 m. the barometer marked 320 mm.; we were over 7,000 yards high, and the temperature was less than 10 C. (50 Fahr). My companions were pale; I felt weak, but I inhaled a little of the gas, which somewhat revived me. We still ascended. Sivel turned towards me and said, "We have a large quantity of ballast; shall I throw some out?" I replied, "Do as you please." He put the same question to our friend, who nodded energetically in token of approval. We had five sacks with us, each weighing twenty-five kilos, and at least four more were hung outside the car.

Sivel took his knife and successfully cut three cords. The bags were emptied, and we mounted rapidly. All at once I found myself so feeble that I could not even turn my head to look at my companions, who, I believe, were seated. I desired to obtain the oxygen tube, but could not lift my arm, but my mind was still quite lucid. I had my eyes on the barometer, and I saw the needle pass over the figure of pressure 290 mm., then 280, which it went beyond. I wanted to exclaim, "We are at 8,000 yards!" but my tongue seemed paralyzed. All at once my eyes closed, and I fell inert, entirely losing all recollection. The time was then about 1.30.

At 1.53 I revived for a moment. The balloon was descending rapidly. I was able to cut a sack of ballast to slacken the speed, and to write on my register the following lines, which I copy:

"We are descending. Temperature, 8 C. (17 6 Fahrenheit). I am throwing out ballast. Elevation 315. Sivel and Croce still insensible at the bottom of the car. Descending very rapidly."

I had scarcely written these lines when a sort of trembling fit seized me, and I sank down fainting for the second time. I was conscious of a violent wind, indicating a very rapid descent. A few moments later I felt myself shaken by the arms, and recognized Croce, who had revived.

"Throw out ballast," said he, "we are going down."

But I could hardly open my eyes, and I did not notice whether Sivel was aroused. I remember that Croce unfastened the aspirator and threw it out, as well as some ballast, extra wraps, and the like. All this is an extremely confused recollection, which was quickly extinguished, for I relapsed into insensibility more thoroughly than before, and I felt as if I was going off into an eternal slumber.

What happened then? I suppose that the balloon being lightened, impermeable as it was, and very warm, shot up once more into the upper regions. At about 8.15 o'clock I reopened my eyes, feeling giddy and weak, but my consciousness returned. The balloon was rushing downward with frightful velocity.

The car swayed violently from side to side, and described great oscillations. I raised myself on my knees, and pulled my companions by the arm. "Sivel, Croce!" I cried, "rouse yourselves!" They were both crouched down in the car, with their heads concealed in their cloaks. I summoned up all my strength, and endeavored to lift them up. Sivel's face was black, his eyes dull, mouth wide open and full of blood. Croce-Spinelli had his eyes closed, and his mouth blood-stained also.

To relate what occurred then is quite beyond my power. I noticed a tremendous wind from below upward. We were still at an altitude of 6,000 metres. There were still in the car two bags of ballast, which I cast out. Soon we neared the earth, and I sought for my knife in order to cut the attachment of the anchor, but I could not find it.

I was distracted, and kept calling out, "Sivel! Sivel!" Fortunately I laid my hand on a knife, and was enabled to free the grapnel in time. The shock of the fall was extremely violent. The balloon appeared to flatten itself out completely, and I thought it would so remain. But there was a strong wind, which carried it along. The grapnel did not hold firmly and the car was dragged across the fields. The dead bodies of my unfortunate friends were jerked about, and I feared at each moment that they would fall out of the car. Meanwhile I succeeded in grasping the cord of the valve, and the balloon was quickly emptied, and was finally exhausted against a tree. This was about four o'clock.

On getting out of the car I was attacked by a feverish excitement of the most violent kind, and very soon fell exhausted, and became livid. I thought that I was about to join my companions in the next world.

Nevertheless, I gradually recovered my senses. I examined my poor comrades, and found them cold and stiff. I had their corpses transported to the shelter of a neighboring farm. I sobbed to suffocation, and even yet have not recovered.

"THE WATERS CONCERTO PARLOR ORGAN.—We are glad to chronicle any new thing, or any improvement upon an old one, that tends to popularize music by rendering its study either easier or more attractive. Lately our attention has been called to a new patented stop added to the Waters Reed Organ, called the Concerto Stop. It is so voiced as to have a tone like a full, rich alto voice; it is especially 'human' in its tone. It is powerful as well as sweet, and when we heard it, we were in doubt whether we liked it best in Solo, or with Full Organ. We regard this as a valuable addition to the Reed Organ."—*Rural New Yorker.*

AMSTERDAM CHARACTERISTICS.

Like the "Queen of the Adriatic," it has its three hundred bridges (the guide-book says six hundred), but yet it is no more like Venice "than I to Hercules." Amsterdam is all reality and of the most practical character in its aspect, while Venice is like a "midsummer night's dream." There are sections of the thickly-peopled portions of the place that present the out-door aspect of humble life, so noticeable in the Italian cities, though the individuality of the two races, so to speak, could hardly be wider apart in external aspect—one dark as the night, the other blond and bright as the sunshine. We never saw such an array of rosy cheeks and fresh complexions as the Dutch women exhibit in the streets of Amsterdam; they present a very striking contrast after traveling in Southern Europe. There, as throughout Germany, the women divide the heavy work with the men; they steer the large merchant crafts that navigate the broad canals; they row the smaller boats side by side with the husband or brother, even using the long propelling poles at the shoulder, walking along the gunwales of the heavily-laden crafts. Many of the streets of the city would be quite handsome, with due allowance for Dutch architecture, were it not for a proclivity which the inhabitants evince for painting their houses black outside, giving a rather funereal aspect to the long range of facades in many quarters. As nearly all merchandise is transported by the canals, there is a noticeable absence of all sorts of vehicles except dog-carts and passenger vans; consequently a Venice-like silence pervades the scene.

SCOTCH GIRLS.

We question if a more beautiful sight can be seen upon this wide world than the fashionable promenade of Prince's street, Edinburgh, any sunny day about four o'clock. Let the spectator take his eye from the picturesque glories of that exquisite landscape, and fix them upon the more beautiful of Nature's works who pass him by. The writer promenaded upon one occasion during the past summer with an American gentleman of considerable taste; and, said he, "What I admire about your Scotch ladies is their healthy look and educated faces." He had struck the right note. In the high-bred air which he remarked he saw perfect health without vulgarity; ease of manner with unapproachable dignity; elegance of costume, with commonsense. Scotch girls are educated for use, not for show; to live a life of usefulness and pleasure to others and themselves. What they know they have learned solidly. If they play the piano, which they generally can, they do not offend the musical sense by sitting down like a mark of interrogation, and thumping the soul out of a showy piece of music like an eccentric sky-rocket in a shower of whirligigs. The Scotch girl may not venture on the confines of marvelous execution; but what she plays is generally executed with feeling, trained accent and proper time. The same rule holds good in every branch of education.

THE BATHS OF POMPEII.

Considering how negligent the present Italians are in regard to personal cleanliness—in many respects, what are called the idle, not the working-classes, remind one of the filthiness of the Indians, who gather around the cars on the Rocky Mountains—the baths of Pompeii read like a rebuke to the foul multitude. Our guide took us into the space which 2,000 years ago was devoted to hot and cold baths; it occupied four streets, with a breadth of 102 feet, and a depth of 170 feet. There was a chamber for undressing, one for the cold bath, with a large marble basin, surrounded with marble ledges, 14½ feet in diameter; another for a hot-air bath, 53 feet long, heated by hot-air pipes, and the whole four chambers beautifully frescoed and adorned with marble figures. These people not only bathed themselves repeatedly during the day, but they were perfumed afterward, and then oiled all over. They were anointed by slaves from large vials of gold, alabaster and crystal. The unguents thus used were collected from all parts of the world. Considering again that the Pompeiians and Romans were bathed and anointed as many as seven times a day, we do not think their general posterity purify themselves as often in a whole year.

RICHES oftentimes, if nobody takes them away, make to themselves wings and fly away; and truly many a time the undue sparing of them is but letting their wings grow, which makes them ready to fly away; and the contributing a part of them to do good only clips their wings a little, and makes them stay the longer with their owner.

YOU are not obliged to discuss your business or affairs with every one you may chance to know, but in dealing with a confidential friend be perfectly frank. Disclose the real motives of your conduct, and then those who differ from you may still respect you. Nothing is more fatal to friendship than prevarication and deceit.

THERE are many fruits which never turn sweet until the frost has lain upon them. There are many nuts that never fall from the boughs of the forest trees till the frost has opened and ripened them. And there are many elements of life that never grow sweet and beautiful until sorrow comes.

As Good as New.

The above expression is peculiarly applicable to the individual whose system has been renovated by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. If any man or woman in this community has a friend suffering from the various pangs which indigestion, nervous disease, weak back or kidney trouble can inflict, the most rational advice which he or she can give is—"Procure the Bitters at once, and use them regularly. If this advice is heeded, we guarantee that in a short time the invalid will be "as good as new," so marked and so rapid will be the change for the better wrought by this peerless invigorant, nervine and diuretic. It not only re-establishes digestion and stimulates the organs of urination into healthful activity, but expels by the natural outlets of the body those acrid elements in the secretions which, when absorbed into the blood, produce rheumatism, gout and neuralgia. Moreover, its gentle, though effectual action admirably fits it for the use of females in delicate health, who require a tonic stimulant and corrective.

WANTED—TO EMPLOY—Men to travel and appoint County Agents for DR. KANAVEL'S CATARRH TREATMENT. Warranted to cure Catarrh or pay $1000 forfeit.
J. C. TILTON, Pittsburgh, Pa.

DR. KIDDER'S Improved Electro Medical Apparatus strengthens the nervous system and cures many forms of disease. To know the genuine, send for illustrated catalogue. Address, DR. JEROME KIDDER, Northeast corner of Seventeenth street and Fourth avenue, New York.

IT is common to say that a liar will not be believed although he speak the truth. The converse of this proposition is equally true, but more unfortunate—that a man who has gained a reputation for veracity will not be discredited though he utter what is false. But he that would make use of a reputation for veracity to establish a lie would set fire to the temple of truth with a faggot stolen from her altar.

Consumption.

Frazier's Root Bitters lays the axe at the root of the tree of all diseases by purifying the blood, and pure blood will cure consumption just as certain as it will remove pimples from the skin, and those who wish to have their system invigorated with rich, pure, strong blood, must use the Root Bitters.

Heart Disease.

Constipation, indigestion and failure to perspire freely causes palpitation of the heart, throbbing of the stomach, shortness of the breath, swimming or dizziness of the head, numbness of the body, stagnation of the blood, and many other distressing symptoms; the Root Bitters cures all such difficulties. It stimulates the circulation, and removes all obstructions. Skin Diseases, Pimples, Blotches, Saltrheum (Tetter), Erysipelas, Scurvy, White Swelling, Ringworm, Cancerous Formations, Tumors, Ulcers, and every other variety of disease, cannot exist on pure blood. Rid blood makes these diseases; cleanse the blood, and the disease will disappear.

TEN YEARS A SUFFERER.

Mrs. Daniel Smith, of Concord, N. H., afflicted with weakness, pain in lungs and shoulder, heavy pain over the eyes, restless at night and tired, fainty feelings all the time, writes:

MR. FRAZIER: Dear Sir—I received the bottle of Root Bitters you sent me by express, and I have taken the whole of it, and it has done me more good than all the medicines I have ever taken. I have taken more or less for ten years. I thought I could get them from our druggists, but they do not yet have them. I could have sold 25 bottles if I could have got them. I think you might have a good sale for your Bitters here. I want you to send me six bottles for five dollars, the price you advertise. Send quick as you can, by express, C. O. D. It is the best medicine I ever saw. From your grateful friend, MRS. DANIEL SMITH,
Concord, N. H., P. O. Box 382.

G. W. FRAZIER, Proprietor, Cleveland, Ohio. Sold by Druggists and country dealers. Wholesale by JOHNSON, HOLLOWAY & CO., Philadelphia; GEORGE A. KELLY & CO., Pittsburgh; and other first-class houses.

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WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

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In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Sprains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO.,
32 Warren Street, New York.

$160,000!

MADE IN TWO MONTHS.

A WALL STREET OPERATION.—THE BANKING-HOUSE OF ALEX. FROTHINGHAM & CO., NO. 12 WALL STREET, WHO DEAL IN STOCK PRIVILEGES, HAVE PAID THIS ENORMOUS SUM TO THEIR CUSTOMERS DURING THIS SHORT SPACE OF TIME. SOME PERSONS HAVE MADE AS HIGH AS $8000 FROM ONLY $100 ORIGINALLY INVESTED, AND MANY HAVE MADE $1000 AND OVER FROM ONLY $50. THEY PAID IN A SINGLE DAY OVER $40,000, FOR which only $4000 was received, or $37,000 net profit to various people. They employ continuously from twelve to fifteen competent bookkeepers and assistants. With this strong force they are often compelled to remain at their work until midnight. This energetic firm well deserves the credit of being the leading house in their branch of business, and it is most wonderful to acknowledge that they have established this business in the short space of five years.

They have customers who reside in nearly every State of the Union and the Dominion of Canada. From the island of Cuba they receive orders from persons who are continually dealing in stocks. Their business has become so extensive, that two experienced correspondents are employed to attend to their advertising accounts. Their cards may be read in every first-class newspaper published in the United States. To this they attribute a portion of their success. We advise those desiring to place their business with a firm possessing the very highest record for uprightness, and who conduct their business upon honest principles, to deal with this house.

They also issue a weekly report of the condition of affairs in Wall street, which they are glad to mail free, for one year, to any one who desires and contemplates speculating. Send for it.

The New York *Commercial Advertiser* says: The banking-house of Alexander Frothingham & Co., No. 12 Wall street, has in its employ twelve bookkeepers and assistants. There are other stock privilege firms who employ from three to six men. This firm have established their entire business during the last five years.

Boston *Daily News* says:

Messrs. Alexander Frothingham & Co. will furnish to those desiring to invest in Wall street, explanatory circulars containing detailed statements and quotations, and many "points" of great value to the uninitiated. Their office is at No. 12 Wall street, New York City.

New York *Graphic* says:

This old-established house offers facilities for speculating with an investment of money ranging from $50 to any amount, and gives small investors the same advantage as those who invest thousands of dollars. During the last month investments of $100 on many stocks have returned profits from $500 to $2500. This seems marvellous to those unaccustomed to Wall street operations; nevertheless it is true, as substantiated by the fluctuation of prices at the Stock Exchange.

Local Agents Wanted!

An Agent Wanted for each Town and County in the United States.

Parties desiring to act as agents must accompany their application by a letter of recommendation as to character and responsibility from and signed by the editor of a newspaper published in the town or county for which agent proposes to act. The agency is to sell the bonds of the *Industrial Exhibition Company.*

Bonds $20 each.

The Industrial Exhibition Company will furnish agents with circulars, etc., etc.

Each newspaper published in the town where agent is located will, as soon as agency is established, be given an advertisement, advertising such agency and the Company, and fully explaining the plans, purposes and objects of the Company, such advertisement will continue in such papers as long as agency is successfully conducted.

The Industrial Exhibition Company is the first to adopt the plan so long in use by the European governments of issuing bonds when the principal is made secure and not risked, but where there is a chance for a large premium, an investment of $2) is sure to return to the investor $21—one dollar more than cost—and the holder of a $20 Bond may obtain either a premium of $50, $100, $200, $500 $1,000, $5,000, 5,000, $10,000, $-5,000, or $100,000. The interest, which is ordinarily distributed to all the bond holders pro rata, is in this loan distributed by chance. The purchaser of a bond knows he will receive back his investment, with a small rate of interest added, and in consideration of taking this small rate of interest, he has a chance in the above named premiums, which are simply the distribution of interest on the whole loan.

Each bond participates in four drawings each year, until it has drawn a premium, when it is surrendered, the premium paid, and the bond cancelled.

The Industrial Exhibition Company, under a special charter, granted by the State of New York, is given authority to issue these bonds. The Legislature of the State, recognizing the great benefits which will arise from the success of this enterprise, have exempted all the real estate and property of the Company from taxation and assessments for five years, and has also conferred other great privileges.

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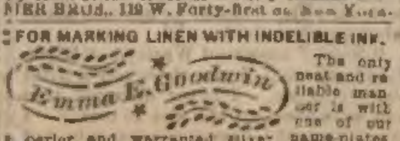

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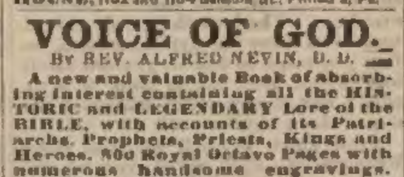

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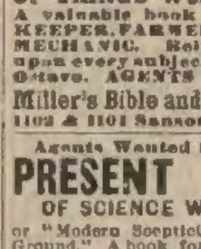

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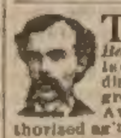

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The Boudoir

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

According to a former promise, we will give special attention in this number to suggestions for a summer outfit for young misses just entering their teens. The summer vacation will soon commence now, and these fair demoiselles begin to puzzle their pretty heads over what they are going to wear when they go away with mamma.

There is a fitness in all things, especially in the little details of fashion nowadays, who is very rigid in her decrees of what is appropriate for these "jeunes demoiselles."

Simplicity of style is the leading characteristic in their toilettes. It is only the little sisters of five, seven and eight who are permitted to be exact copies of mamma's elaborate costumes.

To commence with dresses suitable for morning wear.

There are numberless pretty fabrics to choose from, in the shape of percales, French chintzes and English calicoes, seersuckers and Scotch ginghams.

The shirt waists in the different modifications, some with large box plaits, others with small, some with overlapping kilt plaits, are the prettiest style of making the upper part of such dresses. Sometimes the overskirt is in one piece with the waist. In that case the needed fullness is put in under the back plaits. A simple gathered flounce for the bottom of the underskirt is all the trimming needed; or else bias folds of the material, machine stitched on both sides.

For dinner and evening wear nothing is prettier or more appropriate than white. It may be pique or French muslin, or else nainsook.

A charming pattern for such a dress is to have a plain underskirt, with one deep flounce, headed by a standing ruffle. A deep apron overdress, perfectly plain, and gracefully draped at the back by means of a double row of shirring; wide sash ends of ribbon or silk of any color fancied; full French waist, made high in the neck, and edged there with a gathered ruffle of the same; sleeves shirred either longitudinally or else around the arm. In some cases a small sleeveless basque of silk to match the sash is added. It should be edged with a fine knife pleating of sheer French or Swiss muslin.

A neat way of making pique suits for walking, etc., is to have a plain underskirt, which may have two or three rows of pique braid stitched on just above the hem; a deep round overdress, either simply hemmed or trimmed with two rows of the braid. It is looped at the sides, and tied back with tapes underneath, which are sewed at the side seams. Plain cuirass basque, buttoned from throat to the bottom with pearl buttons; high round collar at the neck; and deep cuffs at the wrist of the plain coat sleeves.

A suit in two shades of debege, suitable for traveling, etc., is made with the darkest shade in the underskirt, which just reaches the ankles. It is trimmed with a kilt plaiting and two bias folds. The overskirt is of a very light shade of gray or brown, according to whatever tint is in the underskirt. It is deep and round apron front, and is simply corded with the dark, and looped at the back by means of a double or triple shirring; sleeveless cuirass basque of the light, with plain coat sleeves of the dark, with deep pointed cuffs at the wrist, and three smoked pearl buttons on the outer seam of each cuff. The same buttons close the front of the basque. A frill of the dark, ending in revers, with square ends or lappels on the bust, is placed at the neck.

A fancy is revived of wearing aprons made of gingham, muslin or silk.

We will give a description of one or two that we have seen. One of striped gingham, was made with a bib, or small one, and deep rounded front, edged all round with a fine pleated ruffle of the same; square pockets on each side of the front. The sides were rounded out so as to form a round point in the middle of each side, to which was attached a ribbon matching the stripe in the gingham. These ribbons were tied in a double bow at the back, and by that means held the apron in a nice shape.

One of black gros grain was cut with a small pointed bib, and very deep front, which was trimmed with two rows of fine knife pleating, edged with narrow Valenciennes or French lace. Fancifully gathered pockets with an upright frill, also edged with lace, adorned the front. A wide ribbon sash tied this apron back; as may be inferred, it had very much the appearance of the apron overskirt, now so fashionable, and was quite stylish. We give descriptions of these two, from which it will be very easy to model others, and make any alterations in shape or trimming which the taste of the individual may suggest.

For young girls of the ages we have spoken about, the wide Leghorn hat is much in vogue. It is simply bent down in front and at the back, and trimmed with long velvet streamers or a twilled scarf. A cluster of field flowers is added either on the left of the crown outside or under the rim on the same side. A duster of undressed gray linen, made after the Ulster pattern, with a deep pointed hood, and belt buttoned behind; sometimes a fulness is added in the back, of plaiting, which the belt holds down in place. This will be found very serviceable, both for railroad travel and mountain expeditions.

Striped stockings are universally worn by young misses, and, indeed, by older ones.

Speaking of traveling costumes, a fancy for brown, of a sort of dust shade, prevails. Some of the more expensive tints have a silk underskirt of this shade, worn with the overdress and basque of woolen or silk and woolen material. The underskirt has only one flounce at the bottom, sometimes gathered, sometimes kilt-plaited.

The overdress, to be in correct taste, must be simply made; with a deep, round or square apron front, corded at the bottom; sash ends or one wide end; cuirass basque, with sleeves of the same, or else sleeves of silk to match the underskirt; hat of brown chip or straw, with high round crown, and brim drooping in front. A scarf of brown silk encircles the crown, or else a long scarf of brown tissue, which can be brought round and wrapped around the throat if desired.

Gloves of undressed kid are invariably worn.

ODDS AND ENDS.

New neckties are made of white crepe, called drap d'argent. They are cut on the bias, and trimmed all round with thread or Valenciennes lace.

Three-cornered handkerchiefs for the neck, of China crape or sheer muslin, are trimmed with ribbon bows and lace.

Corset waists are very much in favor abroad.

The rouleau collar with turned over points is the latest. These are shown in hair-striped linen, blue, pink, etc., while the inside is plain white.

White morning dresses are fashionably made with a half loose French sacque, trimmed with a puff and narrow ruffle.

The newest walking hat has a high round crown, and round visor brim, which shadys the eyes.

Leather belts and tags will be much worn for traveling this summer.

Scotch plaid shawls of green and blue are the most popular for traveling purposes. They have deep fringe.

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R. L.—Wear your hair crepe, and gathered in a low knot at the nape of the neck behind. Wear the front hair in light, soft curls—very light—just frizzes over the forehead. A small Spanish comb is also worn in the knot at the back.

MRS. ANNIE R. L.—Make your summer silk after this style: Trim the slate-gray underskirt with a deep flounce, which must be trimmed in its turn with a narrow knife pleating. Above place two knife pleatings, six inches deep, or alternately a knife pleating and a gathered ruffle. Make a deep apron overskirt of your checked gray silk; trim with a knife pleating of the solid gray; drape it at the back by means of a shirring, leaving enough of the material at the edge to form a four-inch ruffle on each side, after the shirring is drawn up. Have a sleeveless basque of the checked, with puffed sleeves of the slate gray; standing ruffle or round collar at the throat, below which is a small pointed cape or deep collar of the plain gray. Sash ends at the back of the overskirt, of plain gray. NIXON.

A LOST GAME.

BY EDEN E. REXFORD.

I.

She stood by the parlor window, looking out into the dull November day, thinking.

She was asking herself the question that so many women ask themselves: Should she, or should she not?

Ronald Leith had asked her to marry him. He had told her that he loved her. She had asked him to give her time to think about the matter before she gave him his answer.

This dull, gray day seemed made for thinking in, and she had concluded to make her decision, and have done with it. She must answer him some time. Why should she wait?

"You know very well, Ethel Kent," she said, walking away from the window, and stopping before a long mirror that reflected her figure in it with flattering truthfulness; "you know very well"—talking to the woman in the glass—"that you do not love him. But, you love him as well as you love anybody. He is rich enough to be able to gratify all your tastes. He is a gentleman, and belongs to what the world calls the best society. If you marry him, you gain position and influence. If you do not marry him, you throw away the best chance you may ever have. The best chance should not be thrown away lightly; mark that, before you pause to trouble yourself about love, which, after all, is more a myth than a fact, in this prosy, matter-of-fact day of the world."

From which you will see that Ethel Kent was like eight out of every ten women you will find to-day, if you take the trouble to study the mysteries of the feminine mind. She had more concern about the "best chance" than she had about love. Love was of secondary importance. I wonder if these ideas, which are the popular ones of the times, on the subject of marriage, are an outgrowth of the rather vague ideas we have on the sacredness of married life? Do they come to us because we have lost our faith in the beautiful tradition of love which our fathers and mothers held, in the days that lacked the light and progress of our own? Oh, the old days, and the sweet belief that love was the essential element in the union of two souls for life!

We miss them, and some way the progress we have made and the light which we have gained fails to satisfy us that the new is better than the old.

There was the clatter of horses' hoofs on the graveled avenue. She went to the window and looked out. A horseman had dismounted, and was fastening his horse by the gate. She smiled when she saw who it was.

"He is anxious for his answer," she said, going to the glass to adjust her hair, and put a few touches on her collar and dress.

He came in presently, Ronald Leith, her lover, and his face lit up warmly at the sight of the woman he loved.

"How charming you look, Ethel!" he said, as he took her hand, and held it with a gentleness in his touch that told how much he cared for her.

"I could wait no longer for my answer. Is it yes, or is it no, Ethel?"

She smiled up into his face, and charmed him wholly.

"It is yes," she answered.

He caught her to his breast and kissed her. There was something in the thought that this man loved her that gratified her vanity, and pleased her somewhat; but it failed to make a single consuming thrill of tenderness in her heart. She had understood herself well enough when she said that she had no love for Ronald Leith.

"You have made me a very happy man," he said, as he slipped a ring upon her finger. "I was afraid, sometimes, after I bought this ring, that you would think you did not love me well enough to wear it."

Her heart smote her a little for her deceit; but she quieted it with the thought that if she did not love Ronald Leith, she certainly loved no one else, and after she was his wife she would learn to love him.

Ah, dangerous sophistry! Love does not come at bidding. If love is not with us at the start, I question if it will be at the end. I do not believe that more than one woman in a hundred who has quieted her conscience with the thought that by and by love will come to sanction and bless the marriage she makes without it, has ever found it. It eludes her grasp. She may have respect for the man she marries, but it is not love.

II.

Two men were sitting on the deck of a homeward bound ship, talking of the friends who were waiting to give them welcome.

"There are many true hearts there," said one of them, with a far-off look in his eyes and a shadow on his face.

"And there are some false hearts there. Do you know what it is, Ronald Leith, to love a woman?" he asked, suddenly, turning to his companion.

Ronald Leith's eyes filled up with a tender light.

"Yes," he answered. "I am going back to the woman I love. The woman who loves me is waiting and watching for me I know."

"I hope you may never know what it is to find your idol, that you count pure gold, of basest clay. I loved a woman once—a woman with a face that I thought was true as I believed her heart was. She led me on, and—but there is no use in going into detail; she deceived me cruelly. I had counted her true as truth itself; I believed her when she told me in a thousand wordless ways that she loved me. But, when it pleased her to end the farce, I found out that she had been trifling with me from the beginning. She was promised to another. But so heartless was this woman, so lacking in all that is womanly and tender and true, she told me that she did not love the man she was pledged to. I do not know why she told me this. Perhaps she pitied me a little, and thought it might give me a grain of comfort to know that if she did not love me, she did not love any one else. He had wealth and position, and they were more to her than love. I think that she believes that a woman can be happy without love. I do not believe that it is possible for her to know what love is. I pity the man who casts his lot with Ethel Kent, believing that in her he has the woman who will make his life what it ought to be."

Ronald Leith turned upon George Warley with a startled face.

"Did you say Ethel Kent?"

"Yes," answered his friend, wondering at the look in his face. "Do you know her?"

"I am going to marry Ethel Kent," Leith answered. "But the woman I mean can not be the one who deceived you. With my ring upon her finger she could not be false enough to me to play fast and loose with the hearts of other men."

"I will show you the face of the woman I mean," Warley said, and handed Leith a photograph.

He turned very pale at sight of it.

"Do you know her?" Warley asked.

"It is the face of the woman who promised to be my wife," Leith answered slowly. "I loved her above all other women. There can be no mistake about what you have told me?"

"None," answered Warley. "If you doubt my word, I can show you a letter she wrote me. I never dreamed that you were the man she was to marry. I am sorry that I have given you pain, but I have only told you the truth."

"I am glad that you have told me before it was too late," Ronald Leith answered, looking far out to sea. He was burying his beautiful dead hope fathoms deep in the ocean's breast, where so many beautiful things are hidden from the sight of men; but not one of them is more beautiful than his dream had been.

III.

Ethel Kent stood in the parlor waiting for the coming of the man whose name she had promised to take. There might not have been that eager, expectant light which shines out of the eyes of a woman whose heart is not her own, but her lover's, in her face, but it was bright with triumph.

The door opened and Ronald Leith came in.

She crossed the room to meet him with outstretched hands, and words of welcome. But the cold quiet of his face chilled and repulsed her.

"Don't take the trouble to say words that are empty and meaningless," he said, quietly. "I understand you better now than when I went away. I have come to tell you that I cannot throw away my chance of happiness by linking my life with yours. Your heart will tell you whether you have acted a womanly part by me in letting me think that you loved me, when you have confessed to others that you do not. I want no woman's hand unless her heart goes with it." I want a woman I can trust. If you will think of what has taken place since I left you, you will understand why I can no longer trust you. You have deceived me, and henceforth we are nothing to each other."

And then Ronald Leith bowed himself out.

Ethel Kent's face was fearfully pale, as she watched him go down the avenue.

"I have lost the game by my own foolish playing," she cried, clenching her hands fiercely. "I might have had wealth and position, but, fool that I was, I counted the game won before it was done. I was so sure of winning, and I have lost!"

THE PASSION FLOWER.

When the Spaniards discovered South America they saw, amongst other plants new to them, a climbing shrub, having from two to three fruit-bearing flowers, unlike any they had ever seen. One day a priest was preaching to the Peruvians, or aboriginal inhabitants, amidst the wild scenery of their native forests. His subject was the Passion of Our Lord. His eye suddenly glanced at this curious flower, which hung in festoons from the trees overhead; and like St. Patrick with the Shamrock, he saw with the eye of a saint a vivid picture of the sad story of Calvary. The rings of threads which surround the cup of the flower, and which are mottled with blue, crimson, and white, suggested the crown of thorns, stained with blood, to his mind, tutored by meditation; the five anthers, on the stamens, represented the five wounds; the three styles, the nails which fixed Our Blessed Lord to the Cross; and the singular column which rises in the centre of the flower, were made to bring before the minds of these wild savages the harrowing scene of the Second Sorrowful Mystery of the Most Holy Rosary. So, without Bibles or books, did this holy man instruct his converts on the Passion, and to this day our beautiful creeping garden flower is called "The Passion Flower." In all languages it bears the same name.

THE ILLUSTRATED LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

Our floral group this week consists of the Pansy and the Lesser Celandine, both, as the reader will observe, flowers of spring.

It is then that all nature awakens to renewed life, and inspires the human heart to follow its example.

As Tennyson says:

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

And that season is highly emblematic of the dawning of affection, as summer is of its culmination.

The motto thus formed is:

"My thoughts are of joys to come."

The word Pansy is a corrupted derivation from the French, *pensée*, a thought, and the Celandine signifies, "Joys to come."

It will, therefore be seen that the sentiment embodied is one of hope, of anticipation, of the tenderest expression on the lover's part of the expectation of encouragement.

We leave it to our fair readers to judge what reply should be given to such an appeal.

We may perhaps, however, be allowed to suggest a few.

"Only deserve my love" (Campion Rose). "I partake your sentiments" (Garden Daisy, or Double China Aster). "Success crown your wishes" (Coronella). "You may hope" (Rose Leaf). "May you be happy" (Volkamenia). "Good wishes" (Sweet Basil).

The Pansy or Heartsease (for our own part we prefer the English name to the French, though the latter embodies the floral meaning) belongs to the order of violets.

Its botanic name is *viola tricolor*, or the three-colored violet, and it is considered a fancy variety. It is in full bloom in May.

"I went to gather Heartsease,
When the bright sun sinks to rest,
Drawing all the sheaves of sunlight
To his garner in the west;
All the ground was starred with Mayblooms,
Everywhere they met my eye:
But I went to gather Heartsease,
So I passed all others by."

The Celandine is an early spring flower, so early, that it has been called the harbinger of spring. It has been much honored by the poets.

The Celandine or Pilewort belongs to the Crowfoot or Ranunculus tribe, and can, therefore, claim alliance with the Anemones, Peonies, Larkspurs, and many other garden flowers.

The ancient Greeks had a remarkable tradition concerning the Celandine.

They believed that swallows anointed the eyes of their young with the yellow sap of this flower, whereby they became possessed of the marvellous powers of vision which distinguish that bird, and which would even restore their eyes if they were blind.

Wordsworth immortalized it in his ode, where, after speaking of more gorgeous flowers, he expresses a preference for the simplicity of this one:

"There's a flower that shall be mine,
It is the little Celandine."

And again, in another piece of poetry, he describes its habits thus:

"There's a flower, the Lesser Celandine,
That shrinks, like many more, from cold and rain;
And the first moment that the sun may shine,
Bright as the sun itself, 'tis out again.
When hailstones have been falling swarmingly
enwarm,
Or blasts the green field and the trees distrest,
Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm,
In close self-shelter, like a thing at rest."

Bishop Mant, too, in his poetical description of the months, invites us to see this flower—

"Unfold
Its star-like disc of burnished gold;
Star-like in seeming form; from far
It shines, too, like a glistening star."

Pansies, Lilies, Kingcups, Daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are Violets,
They will have a place in story:
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little Celandine.

Eye a leaf is on the bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about its nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless prodigal.
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth or none.

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly unassuming spirit,
Careless of thy neighborhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face
On the moor, and in the wood,
In the lane—there's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaunting hours:
Buttercups that will be seen,
Whether we will or no;
Others, too, of lofty mien,
They have done as worldlings do,
Taking praise that should be thine,
Little, humble Celandine.

Prophet of delight and mirth,
Scorned and slighted upon earth,
Herald of a mighty band,
Of a joyous train ensuing,
Singing at my heart's command,
In the lanes my thoughts pursuing;
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little Celandine.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ All communications should be addressed to WALKER, REAH & Co., Proprietors SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 726 SANSOM Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

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DECLINED WITH THANKS.—The Events of a Night. An Unwelcome Guest. A Fallen Idol. Ellen Keller's Pride. A Dreadful Mystery. Sweet Dreams. A May Morning. Flowers of Spring.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

NOT A MORMON.—Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, was a native of Sharon, Vermont, where he was born in the year 1805.

WALTER S. E. HAINES (Rancocas, N. J.)—Your solution of our Numerical Charade, "Charles Dickens," was perfectly correct.

FICTITIOUS.—You do not say whose "Historical, Chronological and Geographical Dictionary" you want. We can get for you the best and most complete work of the kind for $6 50.

RHODA B.—"At Cribbage what do the following cards count: an ace, a deuce, two threes, and a nine?" They count in all fourteen, made up of six from fifteen two's, a pair, and a double sequence of three.

O R (Philadelphia.)—The "Arabian Nights," or as they were first called "The Thousand and One Nights," are of Indian, Persian and Arabic origin, and were translated by Antoine Galland, an oriental scholar, a native of France.

AMBITIOUS.—The art of literary composition cannot be acquired from instructions conveyed by books. To excel in it is a special gift, cultivated by education; but to write with ordinary correctness requires a study of grammar and a knowledge of words, both of which are, of course, derived from books.

NELLY BLY.—Belladonna, when applied externally to the eyes, has the effect undoubtedly of brightening them, but too great caution cannot be used in the application of this dangerous cosmetic for this or any other similar purpose. The eyesight is too delicate and precious to be tampered with by the love of admiration.

G. W. NOBLE (Pittsburgh).—"Where is the oft quoted line

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul"

to be found?" You will find it in Pope's Imitations of Horace, Book 2, Satire 1, as follows:

"There Sir John Mingles with my friendly bowl,
The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

FRANK HOWARD.—You certainly were to blame very much in asking the young lady in such a very off hand and abrupt manner as "I think I will have to call at your house some time, may I?" when you were so anxious to form a more intimate acquaintance with her. Her reply, "I guess you needn't mind," you may take as a very broad hint that she does not reciprocate your anxiety.

SUPERSTITIOUS.—All nonsense. In olden times, it was thought that the wedding-ring possessed certain curative powers; and it is still believed by many that a stye in the eye will soon disappear after being rubbed with the "plain gold ring." Most women are very loth to take off their wedding-ring, and it seldom, if ever, is allowed to leave the finger. Its loss is thought to be an evil portent of some importance.

M. A. R (Nora, Ills.)—"Is there any impropriety in a lady sending a kiss in a letter to a gentleman, if she is engaged to him, or if she is not? And is there any rule in regard to which should write the longest letters, the gentleman or lady?" It all depends upon the circumstances, the degree of intimacy, etc. If engaged, the gentleman would doubtless be happy to receive the kiss, and doubtless would be still happier to receive it by labial impression. If not engaged, the gentleman would accept it in the spirit in which it was sent—either jest or earnest. There is no rule governing the length of love-letters. Whichever has the most to say, or is the deepest in love, will write the longest letter.

MAUD.—You have acted foolishly in affecting an indifference where you felt a real affection. You have offended the susceptibility of your lover, and caused him to leave the country, so that he might forget you. In such a case "absence does not make the heart grow fonder," but the reverse; for with new scenes, new faces, and the remembrance of your coolness, he will probably soon cease to think of you. There is a wide difference between showing the *full* extent of your affection, and a decided preference for the company of one young man over that of another. In the one case love cheaply won is not always prized as it should be; in the other, hope is kept alive—and the lover's presence likewise.

S. L. C. (Washington).—Soda water really contains no soda whatever. It is simply water impregnated with carbonic acid gas, and subsequently sweetened with various syrups. The gas is manufactured in copper retorts shaped like a huge egg cut into at its shortest diameter, and the pieces fastened together with screws. The pressure of the gas on these retorts is enormous—far exceeding that even of the steam in locomotive boilers, which, as you know, frequently reaches a pressure of 200 pounds to the square inch. You see, therefore, that if these retorts are handled and managed by persons who are ignorant of the enormous force shut up in them, there must be occasional instances when they will explode, as in the case of the late and accident of the kind at Boston.

S. D. D. (Mahanoy)—"How much is a billion, and how long would it take to count a billion? I ask these questions for a friend of mine said a billion was a million of millions, whereas I always thought it was a thousand millions; and he said it was impossible to count a billion." This billion question we thought we had once before settled, but it seems not. A thousand millions (1,000,000,000) are universally received in this country for a billion, and is also the French method of numeration. In Europe, generally, a billion is a million of millions (1,000,000,000,000), or one thousand times more than our billion. To count a billion at the rate of 200 a minute, and 365 days in a year, it would take just 9 512937 years; or reduced to days, 9 years, 187 days, 5 hours, 12 minutes and 32 seconds, with a fraction over.

G. P. R.—"The loss of the Schiller has been making us talk over the various wrecks of steamers in former years. Can you tell us which was the most disastrous in point of loss of life?" We believe that the greatest number of lives lost on any vessel that has been wrecked on the Atlantic on the passage between America and England was on the "Atlantic," in April, 1873, by which 547 passengers perished. The next greatest loss of life was on the Hamburg Company's steamer "Austria," which was destroyed by fire on September 13, 1858. There were on board 538 passengers, of whom only 77 escaped, a loss of 461 lives. The "Central America" foundered on her way to Aspenwall, in September, 1857, when 427 persons were lost. In the "Pomona," which was wrecked on the Irish coast, near the Tuskar light, April 28, 1859, 413 persons perished.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL (Philadelphia).—It is impossible to multiply a sum of money by another sum. Number and value are distinct abstract ideas, and cannot, without committing a logical absurdity, be confused. To multiply is to repeat a certain number of *times*, and it is obviously impossible to bring *value* into the question. Value is arbitrary; number is fixed. Put it in this way, and the absurdity is evident: One pound is equivalent to 20 shillings, or 240 pence, or 960 farthings. In value there is no difference whatever; but what an enormous difference between multiplying by 1, 20, 240, or 960! The sum which you say was given you of multiplying £19 19s 11¾d by the same may be treated fractionally, considering the shillings and pence as fractions, and the multiplicator would read 19 958 958th s. This, though a long process, is perfectly possible, but the idea of value is entirely lost.

SAM (Philadelphia).—"What will the New York State Capitol Building at Albany cost when finished? And what was the cost of the bridge over the Mississippi at St. Louis?" The original estimate placed the cost of the new capitol at Albany at $4,000,000, but it is now thought that its whole cost when completed will not fall far short of $15,000,000. 2. The total cost of the magnificent bridge across the Mississippi at St. Louis, including the tunnel under the city of St. Louis, by which access is gained to its western end, was $9,000,000.

MARCIA (Franklin).—You say that a young gentleman paid you marked attentions for some time, but some six months ago he left you and paid his addresses to another lady. She evidently did not give him any encouragement, and now he wants to come back to you, and you don't know whether you ought to let him or not. This is the sum and substance of your letter. If you are willing to forgive him and take him to your heart, and he wants to be taken there, we are content. Even the magnetic needle sometimes turns, aside from the pole, in obedience to some new attraction, but eventually returns to its first love.

EARNEST SEEKER.—We could not answer your questions clearly within the compass of a notice of this kind, so must refer you to works on the subject of electricity; but we can tell you the difference between the three kinds of lightning you refer to. First, forked lightning, when the discharge appears like a long luminous line, bent into angles and zigzags, varying in color from white to blue, purple, or red. It is called forked because it occasionally breaks into two or more branches before reaching the earth, and thus simultaneously strikes two or more objects. Secondly, sheet lightning, which, instead of flashing to long distances, like the former, simply gilds the margin of the cloud from which it leaps, or else suffuses its surface with a lurid radiance; and, thirdly, balls of fire, which do not, like the other lightnings, flame out for a moment and then vanish, but remain visible for a considerable time, and pursue a somewhat irregular course.

J. K. (Chicago).—Whatever be a man's station in life, whether high or low, public or private, he will become a better man, and escape many a disaster, if he will listen in due season to the voice of the intelligent and refined among the sex. Not only do they generally excel us in their nice perception of the proprieties of life, but they are equally before us in their instinctive faculty of foreseeing evil before it is upon us, and of wisely discerning the character and motives of men. It was not all a dream which made the wife of Julius Cæsar suggest that he should not go to the Senate Chamber on the fatal Ides of March; and had he complied with her entreaties, he might have escaped the dagger of Brutus. Disaster followed disaster in the career of Napoleon from the time that he ceased to feel the balance-wheel of Josephine's influence on his impetuous spirit. Washington, when important questions were submitted to him, often said that he should like to carry the subject to his bed chamber before he formed his decision; and those who knew the clear judgment and elevated purposes of Mrs. Washington thought all the better of him for wishing to make her a confidential counsellor.

OLD SUNSCREEN (Centralia, Ills.).—"Please excuse me for troubling you, but as you have offered to tell all kinds of things to all kinds of people, I hope I may venture. Will you please answer the following questions: 1. When a gentleman calls on a lady, is it proper for the lady to invite him to call again? 2. And if she fails to do so, ought he to take it as a hint not to call again? 3. And should the lady repeat the invitation at the end of each call or, having invited him once, say no more about it? I am afraid you will think these questions very foolish. Please, don't laugh at, but answer them as soon as possible." If a lady wishes a gentleman to call again, there is certainly no impropriety in her requesting him to do so. But her failure to ask him to call, is not necessarily evidence that she does not desire his company. The lady may, through thoughtlessness, or perhaps through bashfulness, fail to make this request, while really wishing for a renewal of his visits. The gentleman, therefore, is justified in looking for further signs as to whether his company is agreeable or not. Gentlemen have taken offence in many cases of this kind, where the lady was far from intending to give any. As for renewing the request at the end of every visit, it is not at all necessary. Formality is only in place between comparative strangers.

J. L. F. (Mt. Pleasant.)—The origin of the device of the eagle on national and royal banners may be traced to very early times. It was the ensign of the ancient kings of Persia and of Babylon. The Romans adopted various other figures on their camp standards; but Marius, B. C. 102, made the eagle alone the ensign of the legions, and confined the other figures to the cohorts. From the Romans the French, under the empire, adopted the eagle. The emperors of the Western Roman Empire used a black eagle; those of the East a golden one. Since the time of the Romans, almost every State that has assumed the designation of an empire, has taken the eagle for its ensign: Austria, Russia, Prussia, Poland and France, all took the eagle. The two-headed eagle signifies a double empire. The emperors of Austria, who claim to be considered the successors of the Cæsars of Rome, used the double-headed eagle, which is the eagle of the Eastern emperors with that of the Western, typifying the "Holy Roman Empire," of which the emperors of Germany considered themselves as the representatives. Charlemagne was the first to use it, for when he became master of the whole of the German Empire, he added the second head to the eagle, A. D. 802, to denote that the Empires of Rome and Germany were united in him.

O. H. O. (Bellefonte, Pa.) writes: "Will the Poet be kind enough to inform me concerning the symbolisation of colors, or, in other words, what hidden signification is supposed to attach to the different colors? Also you will oblige, by telling me if the common meaning attached to the phrase 'common sense' is the true one. I have always supposed it to mean that good sense in the practical affairs of life which is common to the majority of people; but a friend claims that it has quite a different signification. By giving these questions your early attention you will confer a favor." Colors have been applied by different writers to quite a wide range of metaphysical ideas, and it would be difficult to give all the meanings which have been at various times attached to them. In the ordinary acceptation, Black or Brown symbolizes Death and Sorrow; Green, Fickleness; Blue, Constancy; White, Purity; Yellow, Jealousy; and Purple, Royalty. In Railway signals, Red signifies "danger," or "stop;" Green, caution; White, clear, or safe. In reply to your second question, your idea of common sense gives its true meaning as at present accepted. Originally it had quite a different meaning. It referred to a hypothetical sense common to the five, or the point in which the five senses were supposed to meet. It was imagined that this point was the seat of the soul, where it sat in judgment on the sensations received, and decided on the proper mode of action.

H. E. T. (Philadelphia.)—"I have a friend who has become addicted to the dreadful habit of opium eating. Please answer the following questions: Does the continued use of opium lead to the use of other stimulants? Is not opium taken in a liquid form? And is the habit incurable; or can it be cured, and if so by what means?" You have asked us for information which properly given would occupy a great deal more of our space than we can afford, but we will endeavor to condense our replies. 1. It does. The effect upon the secretions produces an insatiable thirst and a depression of the nervous system, and creates a desire for alcoholic stimulants. The majority of opium eaters are addicted to the use of spirituous liquors. 2. Large quantities of opium are sold in the form of tincture of opium, or laudanum. Persons addicted to this habit have been known to take a wine-glassful of laudanum three or four times a day. Besides laudanum there are the acetate and sulphate of morphine. The latter is the most frequently used. The usual or ordinary dose of either is from an eighth to a quarter of a grain. 3. It can be cured by the proper remedies and unceasing vigilance. The most effectual treatment is the proper use of such stimulants as will act as anodynes. Bromide of potassium has been found to be the best and the least dangerous remedy, but great care is to be taken that it shall not be abused by too frequent and general use. Persons who have taken it as a remedy are too much in the habit of resorting to it on the slightest occasion, and have always a supply of it about their persons. They are never without a vial of bromide of potassium, and they really resort to its use when there is no justifiable use for so doing. The best plan is to take it only under medical advice, and then it is perfectly safe.

MISCELLANEOUS.—E. R.—Knock knees may be cured in growing youths by their wearing a short double-headed crutch between their knees when sitting and lying down. M. A. G.—Any manuscript you may forward will receive careful consideration. R. P. S.—The handwriting is very fair and suitable for the position referred to. C. K.—Your better course is to consult a surgeon on the subject of your letter. GEO. H. (Doylestown.)—A lad of sixteen should not smoke. There is no doubt about tobacco being injurious to young people. M. W. G.—Your question is too personal for us to answer in this column. G. W.—We really cannot take it upon ourselves to give a decision on so extremely nice a point. H. B.—Parents have no legal power to compel their daughters to marry against their inclination. MAGNIX.—If you really think the gentleman is engaged to another young lady while he pays attention to you, you ought to tell him at once that he must discontinue his visits. J. A. K.—Queen Victoria's names are Alexandrina Victoria Guelph. AN ADMIRER.—We regret we cannot give you any information regarding the lady in question.

☞ A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.